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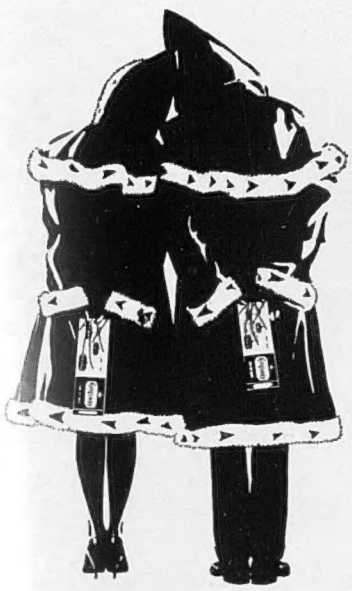

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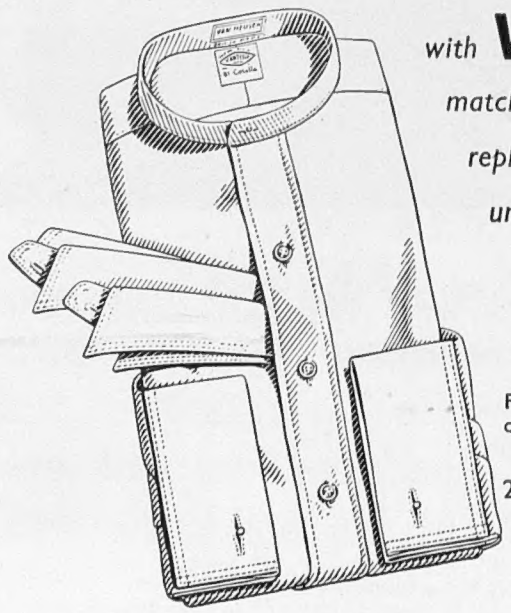

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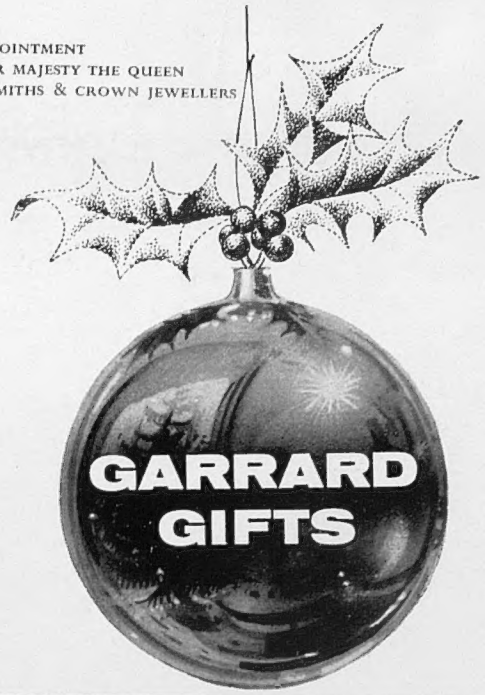

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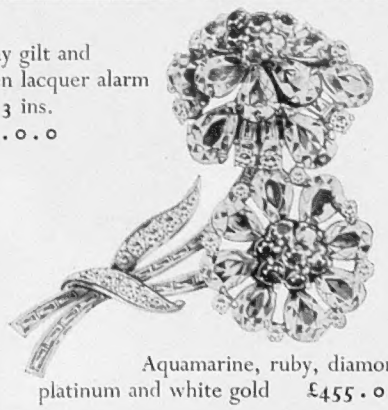

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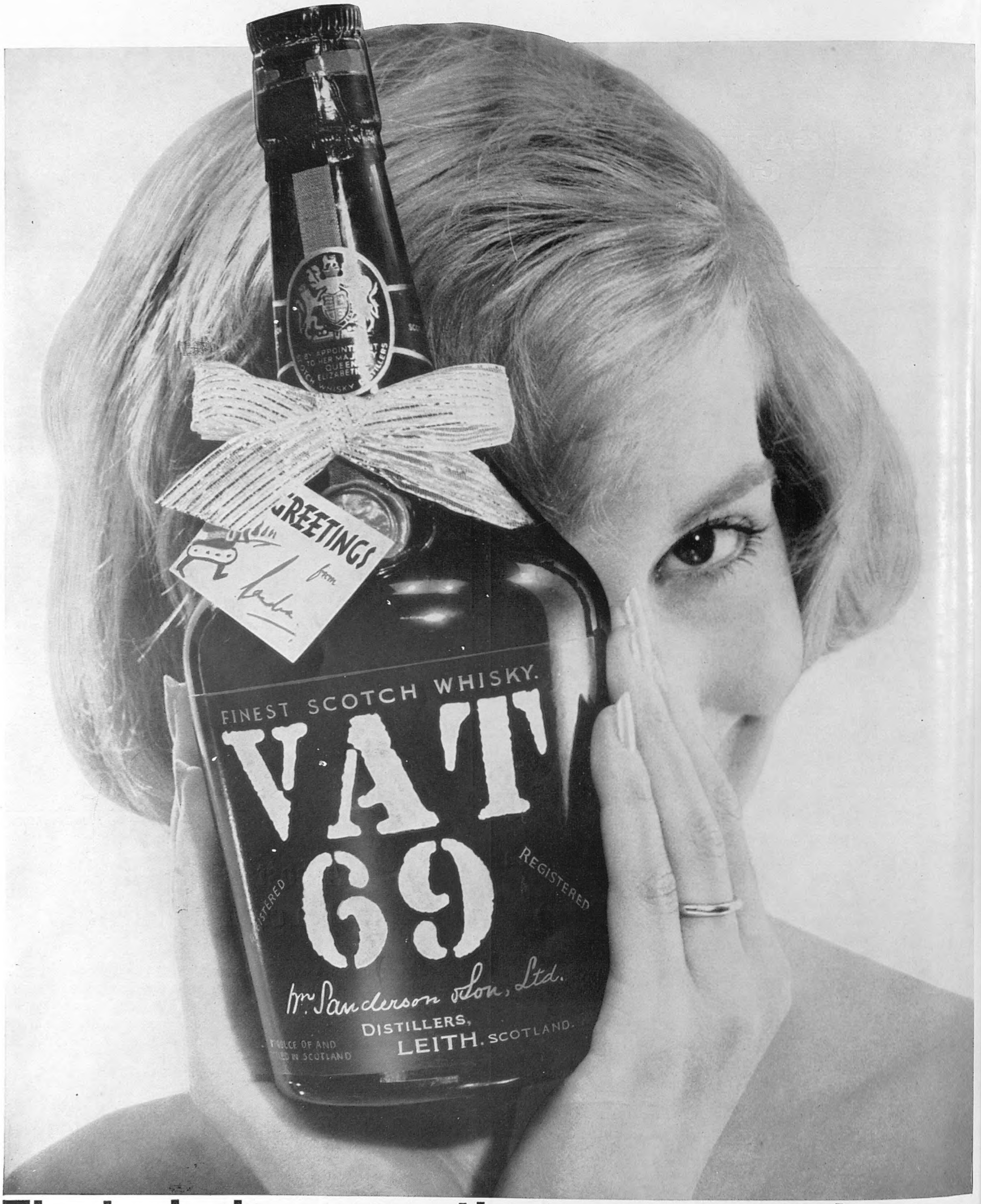

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Volume CCXXXIX No. 3106

The SPHERE, London, December 12, 1959

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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DISASTER ON THE RIVIERA—DESOLATION IN FREJUS AFTER THE MALPASSET DAM BURST: A squad of French troops, rushed to the town after the disaster last week, stand outside a house of which half the walls have been torn away. The wreckage of buildings, cars and coaches litters the valley of the River Reyran. In the distance are the hills of Estérel. When the Malpasset Dam collapsed, a flood of water poured down the valley into Fréjus. At the beginning of this week, the death-roll had reached 323.

In seven minutes late at night, the wide valley of the River Reyran, flowing into the Mediterranean on the French Riviera, and parts of the town of Fréjus, were turned into a scene of desolation. Seven miles away from the town, the Malpasset Dam collapsed. Behind it was an artificial lake six miles long. About 50,000,000 cubic yards of water held back by the 196-ft.-high curving dam wall poured down the valley into the town of 10,000 people. In a sea of mud, rescue workers, including troops sent to the disaster, tried to find the inhabitants trapped among the débris. Some of the bodies recovered later were washed up on beaches along the coast as far distant as Nice, 45 miles away. Of the 323 bodies recovered by the beginning of this week, 256 had been identified. N 7, the route to the Riviera, was completely cut. Railway tracks were torn up and twisted. Cars and lorries parked in garages were piled on top of each other by the fury of the water. A committee was appointed to inquire into the causes of the disaster, and Ministers of the French Government went to Fréjus to co-ordinate the relief work. (Further pictures on pages 432-33).

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A MYSTERY ON LEWIS: On the island, in the Outer Hebrides, a crater has been found on Uig Moor, which, it has been suggested, has been caused by a meteor. The crater is at one end of the small, dark-coloured loch (centre right). The end of the loch has been washed away and the water has run down, black in colour, to the larger loch below it (left). An intricate pattern of channels in the peat has been formed.

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

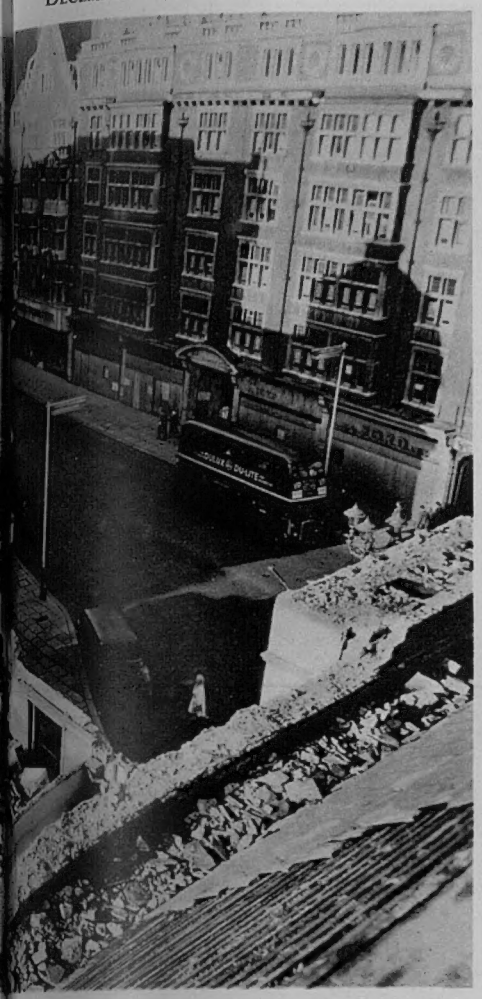
Mr. Marples' Good Start—Mr. Marples' pink pill against traffic thrombosis in central London proved successful enough to justify the belief that these pills will become popular in other cities and towns. (But tube and bus queues lengthened in rush hours.) Mr. Marples' reiterated horror-reactions to the ever-rising road casualties and even to the crimes of lunatics on M.1 suggest that he seriously intends to stand in history as the first Minister to grapple the thorny problems of the road. Hitherto we have had advice, warnings and mild threats, and road codes inviting common sense, restraint and good manners but deficient in sanctions; death and maiming and traffic jams have kept pace with the increase in vehicles using the roads. Ministers of Transport have never yet been given a chance to mend matters. There are too many conflicting interests, too many autonomous authorities. And conflicting interests can marshal clamorous opposition to any scheme which hits their business or infringes their prerogatives. Whether opposition to the Minister's schemes comes from shopkeepers whose shops are to be isolated, or from local authorities fearing deprivation of rights, or from central government ministries who all work in insulated compartments, no national scheme has ever yet been possible of achievement because no Government has ever been whipped by public demand to draft a root-and-branch and all-embracing Bill which could cope with the complex problems on a national basis. Such a measure must imply the sacrifice of a hundred cherished and long-standing "sovereign rights" of all classes and trades, authorities, local and central, ministries or parish councils. Such a Bill implies the surrender of age-old liberties of the subject and long-standing prides of bureaucracy and it is only made possible in times of national danger. Only in world wars are Englishmen willing to forgo their great charter. If casualties and chaos are any guide, traffic conditions in Britain to-day have reached "world-war" standards of mortal danger. There are faint signs that the only begetters of such a measure—the public, who occasionally show willingness to sacrifice their liberties to avert a worse fate—are moving and may soon apply the goad in the right quarter—its Government—and so give Mr. Marples, if he survives this Parliament, an instrument capable of tackling the problem as a whole. If he gets it and succeeds, he will earn a niche in history.

"Pouting Place" of Parties—Blackpool deserves to be called the "pouting place" of parties on the analogy of the "pouting place of princes." This queen of watering-places was chosen as a solace by the Conservatives after the whacking they took from Labour in 1945. Like the Socialists to-day the Tories then were trying to find out what had hit them and why. And it did not take them twelve years to learn these facts and profit by the knowledge. Nor need it take the Socialists longer than the lifetime of a Parliament or the survival of a working Tory majority, whichever be shorter. A Labour victory "next time" would not cause half the surprise of the 1945 "betrayal" of Churchill. I fancy even to-day there are on the electoral roll rather more incorruptible Socialists than ditto Tories, and the antics of the wobblers and "uncertains" are unpredictable (as we well know). I notice that the Socialists can rarely meet in conference at Blackpool or elsewhere but the Tory political wizards all assure us that there will be wigs on the green, the party seething with discontent and like to be split in two. But whether it is the magic of Blackpool or other chosen spa or the ozone, the party seems to emerge after its session in one piece, and those very newspapers which assured us of internecine strife publish snapshots of the rivals, arm-in-arm and smiling, as they emerge from conference, or happily united in enjoying old-time dancing, polite and friendly rivals for the next number with Mrs. Bessie Braddock. You might almost think that those Tory organs *wanted* the party to split up, and leave them bereft of their favourite weekly sensation. After all, Conservatism survived after Premier Salisbury switched to a policy of municipal Socialism, and recent Tory Governments have prospered since they stole the clothes of Socialism. The Labour Party is entitled to think again. That is why they met at Blackpool.

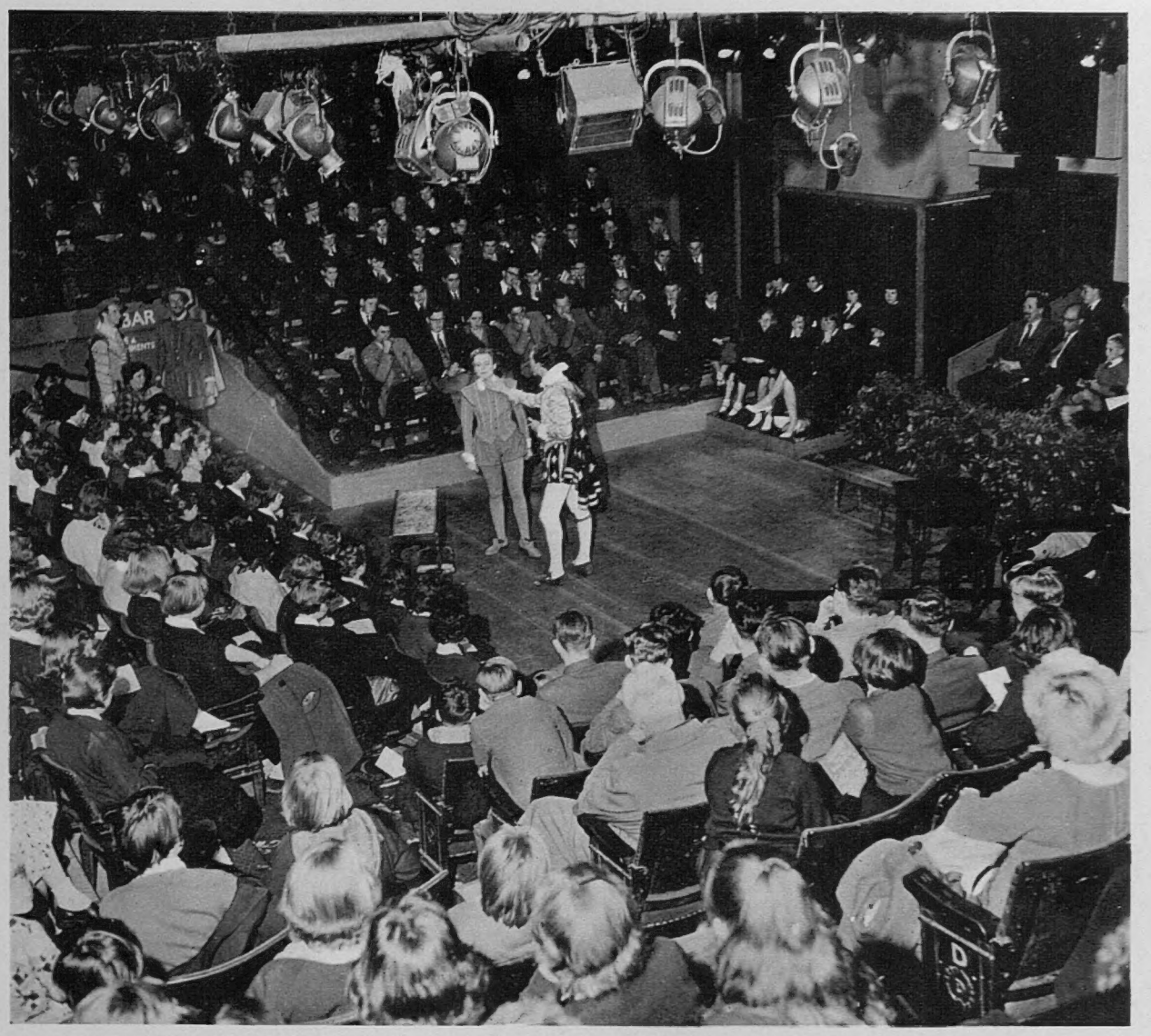
Gold-Leaf and Paste—But those two days of talk at Blackpool left me wondering whether the Labour Party would not be wiser to put as their first basic principle of democratic Socialism "Belief in the intelligence of the British electorate." For, it seemed to me, their announced *Six Basic Principles* were written for nitwits. After all, whose suits of clothes are these six principles? The Tories constantly claim ownership of them; and they fit the Liberals very neatly. (1) "A broad human movement on behalf of the bottom dog." That is a duet sung by Macmillan and Grimond at all public concerts. (2) "Social justice in an equitable distribution of wealth and income." Our poor little rich men would say that the Tories have more than achieved that aim in leaving them about 1s. 6d. in the pound to enjoy. (3) "A classless society." It is Macmillan's pet phrase, and it is very doubtful if the "workers" want it in their struggle to beat the Joneses. (4) "The fundamental equality of all races and the building of an international order to enable them to live in peace." I seem to remember hearing both Macmillan and Grimond sincerely asserting this principle many times, and blushing for its triteness. (5) "The belief that the pursuit of material satisfaction without spiritual values is empty." Oh, come! This is the text of every other sermon preached in every parish church in the land, and I should not wonder if more Tory and Liberal politicians attend their parish churches than Labour politicians. (6) "The pursuit of private gain (not a sin in itself) must not take precedence over public good. . . . These objects must be achieved through freedom and democratic self-government." This mighty bromide, so popular with politicians of every colour, may at least account for the gold-leaf now daubed on nationalisation. The electorate appears to favour freedom.

Words! Words!—So much for platitude and pill-gilding. The paste-pot was busy at Blackpool and both Gaitskell and Bevan showed themselves adepts with the paste-brush. The Shadow Foreign Secretary proved a past-master in the old diplomacy, if flattering both sides and giving nothing away is the first principle of diplomacy. I doubt whether four years hence the new young recruits (to be wooed to Labour, with the expenditure of a lot more money and shrewder propaganda) will be satisfied with that broad statement of policy. If our world and society are in a mortal decline, the doctor's mandate must imply more than six gilded bromide pills. Having courageously refused to win cheers with bromides, Mr. Gaitskell surrendered to six outsize bromides. If wordy formulas could achieve miracles, our country would be paradise to-day and our world a very heaven; and it would have been so since Isaiah's day. But belief in the efficacy of words and phrases is still as strong as ever it was, on platforms and in pulpits, and we drive on in a world that is far from perfect; but every year, I think, we grow a little more critical of fine phrases, and a little more interested in practical ideas.

Finding Something to Criticise—Most of Her Majesty's Opposition and some others assert that it is their prime duty to oppose. And in great matters of policy, where conscience and sincere belief are aroused, it is no doubt true. It often seems to me to be difficult for a Socialist Opposition to carry out their "prime duty" nowadays when Socialism is the basis of all legislation, whatever party be in power. When that prime duty is reduced to searching on the bric-à-brac counter for some object to criticise, it tends to reduce the prime duty of Opposition to the level of a Sunday columnist's onerous duty of unveiling two or three "scandals" every week. There was, for instance, that outraged magistrate who told a perfectly disgusting Teddy-boy, with a catalogue of foul crime on his record, what he deserved, but was safe from receiving, in the way of punishment. One might suppose from the righteous indignation of his condemnation that the magistrate had belaboured the boy in open court and left him for dead. For my part, after twenty years' experience, I stand amazed at the restraint of lay-magistrates, faced week after week by shameless, unrepentant young criminals, dressed in their outrageous uniforms, whiskered and defiant, hands in pockets, well aware of the gentle penalties the Law provides for them. Another bunch of



THE LAST OF AN OLD LONDON MUSIC-HALL: Demolition workers are busy pulling down the remains of the Holborn Empire and nearby shops, fronting on to High Holborn, near its junction with Kingsway. One of the most popular music-halls in London before the war, the Holborn Empire was badly damaged during the Blitz and never reopened. The site is being cleared ready for the erection of a new office block.



CROYDON'S THEATRE-IN-THE-ROUND: Watched by the audience sitting on all four sides of the small stage, the actors perform *Twelfth Night* at the Pembroke Theatre, in Wellesley Road. Shakespeare's comedy is produced by Robert Atkins. No scenery is used in plays at this recently-opened theatre, which, it is claimed, is equipped with the first permanent arena stage in Britain.

Socialist M.P.s rallied to the cause of Opposition over Mr. Justice Stable's request to a jury at Nottingham to reach their verdict quickly. It is significant that the defendant's solicitor, considering the question of appeal against the sentence on one of the convicted men, based it on quite another point. Taken out of their contexts, many a pronouncement from the Bench could be twisted into a scandal. Even a judge is allowed a little scope for humour or even impatience, if he find any occasion for its exercise; and a threat is only a threat, if it be intended to threaten.

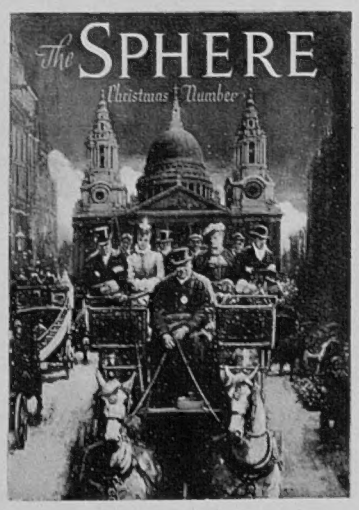
Malice or Maggots?—In my sombre experience as a journalist, goodwill among men very seldom survives Christmas Day beyond January 1. Indeed, there is generally more of that useful commodity about in the weeks before Christmas than after it. It may be a question of liver. But this year, I think, an unusual amount of bile has been in evidence before Christmas, and on the whole more bitterness has been shown by those who resented it than by those who served it out. We are none of us saints. We all of us succumb to moments of irritation and impatience; even the founders of our religions and the prophets and the martyrs were not exempt. Nor are prelates and judges in ermine, and schoolmasters. Statesmen sometimes express their impatience in unguarded words. No doubt the best cheese has no maggots and the perfect saint no malice. But the perfect cheese is nearly as rare as the perfect saint in our society, and I am sure we should be less touchy if we could accept it, not only on Christmas Day, that most of us have maggots, that few of us are free from malice and that the other fellow's maggots and malice are probably no larger nor more virulent than our own. You may remember that old *Punch* drawing of the Edwardian host speaking an anxious "aside" to his parlourmaid: "Is this the *best* claret, Mary?" "The best you 've *got*, sir." Humanity is like that, and we must put up with it.

Union at Oxford—The Oxford Union, founded 136 years ago, showed its willingness by a majority vote in a debate at the end of last month to admit women to its debates. Women, the motion allowed, should take part in the debates but not stand for office or engage in private business. However, this progressive measure was soon reversed. There was a demand for a poll of resident members. This resulted in a vote of 675 to 489 against amending the rule regarding the presence of women. The Union has been for a century and more the nursery and schoolroom of many statesmen and prelates, to mention only "F. E.," Simon and Dr. Garbett, among scores. It is by no means certain that, if women had been allowed to take part in Union debates in their day, their forensic and political oratory would have been less effective. It might indeed in F. E.'s case have been more courteous, in Simon's less coldly logical. It is not impossible that it might have given Dr. Garbett the family life and sympathy he needed. If at some future date the decision to admit women is agreed, the foundations of the house need not necessarily fall. Women are not very pressing of their privileges in Pall Mall clubs. If a few brave specimens of the female sex were to decide to intervene, they need not fear to lower the standard of debate in the Union on most of the subjects chosen, such as that of last Thursday's session when a bust of Mr. Macmillan was unveiled on the premises. *Ars longa, vita brevis.* The proposition has been examined in private school debating societies for a century, and Oxford Union lady-members would be unlikely to increase its triteness. Their presence might well stimulate the men to seek fresh fields of philosophic and political inquiry.

Long-live(d) Baronets—"Peterborough" of the *Daily Telegraph* informed us that of the twenty-five baronetcies conferred at the Restoration, twenty-three are still possessed of living inheritors. That seems to imply that every baronetcy created in 1960 will have an "almost certain" expectation of survival until A.D. 2260 at least. I don't know whether by 2260 we shall be still talking of "equality and a classless society" or whether the nation will then be enjoying those ideals. But Mr. Macmillan, when choosing his new baronets for submission for the New Year Honours, should think on these things. For even the traditional baronetcy for London's Lord Mayors is rather difficult to justify to-day, if anybody means anything at all by a classless society and by the principle that each man must win his distinctions off his own bat. And though Mr. Pine tells us that in no time —a mere decade—life-peers will swamp hereditary peers in the Upper House, I don't see why hereditary peerages should become extinct more quickly than baronetcies, and, Heaven knows, we don't want an Upper House potential of 1,600 peers. Perhaps Mr. Macmillan means to ca' canny this time with hereditary-honours submissions as a sop to his defeated rivals who, even if they themselves accept hereditary titles, are reluctant to broadcast them. Certainly, this nation is now unique in its adherence to the traditional and the picturesque. Our only rival is perhaps the "three-families" inner circle of the old Belgian aristocracy. Even our new life-peers spawn "little honourables," and will spawn them year after year.

Where the Bee Stings. . .—In 1943, when neighbourliness was still a social virtue widely practised, a swarm of bees settled on one of my chimney stacks and refused to budge. A kind neighbour undertook to remove the embarrassing swarm. He came on a day when I was in London and on my return I found the bees gone. But he had carelessly left on my roof an item of his stock-in-trade, to wit, a band-box. I climbed a high ladder to remove the bauble, little thinking that it still contained the swarm. I got down the ladder in record time, but not before I had been punctured by dozens of the courtiers. In the early 1940's I had been worried by rheumatic and arthritic pains, swellings and stiffness, and there is no doubt in my mind that these troubles lessened in 1944. Accordingly, I was interested to read an experience in *Country Life* last week which suggested that bee-stings may well be an antidote to, if not a cure of, arthritis. I prefer the word antidote. The magic properties of bee-stings cannot be expected to afford permanent cures. It is enough to enjoy fifteen years of relief. The nature of those magic properties science does not yet reveal, and many scientists may scout their efficacy in cases of arthritis. But I think there is justification for further research into what is, after all, an age-old belief in the realms of country lore and rustic wisdom.

THE OLD STAGER



THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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To make sure of copies for yourself and your friends, do not delay ordering from any bookseller or newsagent in the United Kingdom. There are many pages in full colour, including a new reproduction of "Cherry Ripe," Millais' famous painting which had a sensational success when first published in 1880 in *The Graphic*; the Court life of the Sun King by William McLaren; colour photographs of the Royal Ballet and a charming Renoir. In black and white is a fine painting by Montague Dawson; articles by W. Macqueen-Pope and George Speaight; and the work of a number of well-known artists.

THE SHATTERED REMAINS OF THE MALPASSET DAM: *Left*—On one bank, parts of the dam remain embedded in the rock; on the other, the dam walls have disappeared. Situated some seven miles from Fréjus, Malpasset Dam was nearly full when it collapsed last week. *Right*—Down the Reyran Valley below the dam (left background) huge concrete blocks litter the sides of the muddy river. The dam was a vault barrage, only 21 ft. wide at its base, and built in an arc to transmit the water pressure to the sides of the valley.

AFTER THE DELUGE

When the Malpasset Dam on the French Riviera Collapsed, the Town of Fréjus was Inundated

AFTER THE TORRENT OF WATER: *Left*—In Fréjus, a lorry is embedded in a pile of telegraph posts, furniture, branches and mud. *Right*—A French fireman carries a child to safety walking across the ridge of a submerged wall. Hundreds of houses collapsed in the floodwater; the main road to the Riviera from Paris, the N 7, and the main railway line from Marseilles to Nice, were cut. All the essential public services in Fréjus were disrupted. Rescue work during the night was hindered by the lack of any electricity supplies.

THE STRICKEN TOWN OF FREJUS: In a desolate scene of wreckage and swirling water, the pink sandstone arches of the ruined Roman amphitheatre stand unharmed. Because of its Roman remains, Fréjus was advertised as the Pompeii of Provence. *Below*—Two days after the dam burst, parts of the town still lie under a thick sea of mud and water, rippled by the mistral. Over ten square miles were flooded by the 50,000,000 cubic yards of water released when the dam collapsed. The damage in Fréjus was estimated at over £20,000,000.

THE FIRST STOP: President Eisenhower and Signor Segni, the Italian Prime Minister, enter the Viminale Palace in Rome for consultations during the President's two-day stay in Italy. This was his first stop in his current 22,000-mile world tour of eleven countries in three continents.

MR. EISENHOWER'S WORLD TOUR

The Early Stages, in Rome and Ankara.

"Peace and friendship—in freedom" is the theme of President Eisenhower's world tour. He announced this in a television address to the people of America before leaving Washington. By the time he returns to the White House, just before Christmas, he will have visited eleven countries—four in Europe (he will be in Paris for the Western pre-Summit talks), five in Asia and two in North Africa. No American President in office has visited any of the Asian countries before in peacetime. President Roosevelt was in Teheran during the war for his conference with Stalin and Churchill. Mr. Eisenhower was in Turkey when he was Supreme Commander of NATO. He reminded the Turks of this on his arrival last week-end in Ankara, where he was given a tumultuous welcome. He added to the applause by making a few remarks in the Turkish language when replying to greetings by President Bayar. Before Turkey, the first stop of his tour had been Rome. There he had talks with President Gronchi and Italian Ministers and a short conversation with the Pope. The two Presidents had one mutual topic of especial personal interest. Both are expected to visit Russia next year. After Rome and Ankara, the President's itinerary was to take him to Karachi, Kabul and Delhi. In Delhi he is due to stay until Monday next (December 14).

HEADS OF STATE: President Gronchi of Italy welcomes Mr. Eisenhower to a luncheon given in his honour at the Villa Madama, on the outskirts of Rome. Between them is Signor Pella, the Italian Foreign Minister, and to the right, partly hidden by Signor Gronchi, is Colonel Vernon Walters, the American President's Deputy Secretary-General and interpreter.

On left—

A JOKE WITH THE POPE: Mr. Eisenhower and Pope John XXIII enjoy a joke together in the Vatican. Behind Mr. Eisenhower is Colonel Walters. To right are the President's son and aide, Major John Eisenhower, and his wife. Before going to the Vatican last Sunday, President Eisenhower attended a service in the American Episcopal Church in Rome. In the Vatican he talked with the Pope in his library.

BENEATH THE WALLS OF THE COLOSSEUM: The car carrying the American President passes one of Rome's ancient monuments as he drives from the airport on the first day of his visit. Bad weather did not damp the city's enthusiastic welcome.

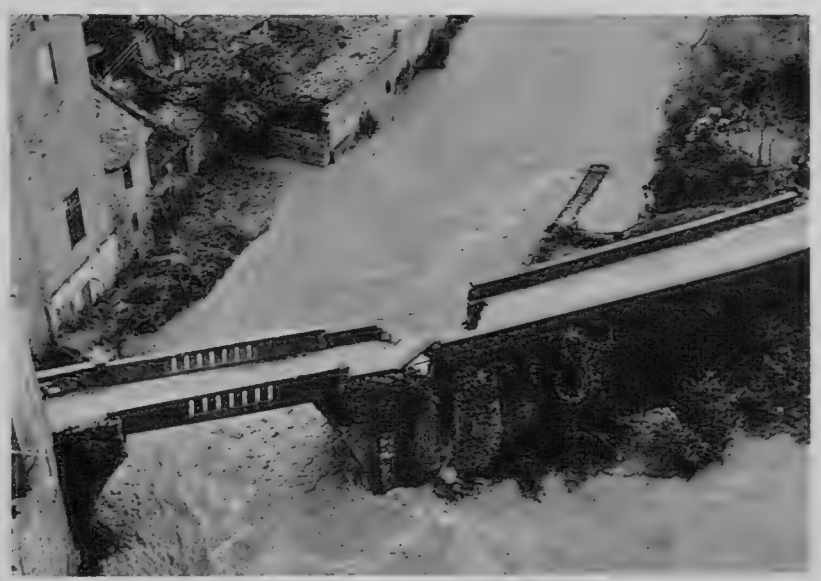
THE TURKISH CAPITAL GREETS PRESIDENT EISENHOWER: He passes beneath an arch decorated with American and Turkish flags in Ankara. Huge crowds gathered to cheer as he arrived for his seventeen-hour stay, the first visit of an American President to Turkey.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

OPERATIONS CLOSE ON THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY: Ice floats on the surface of the St. Lambert Lock, the most easterly lock of the Seaway which has now ended its first season of operations. Vessels are now leaving the St. Lawrence, which will be frozen over and closed for navigation till April. One vessel is in danger of being trapped in the Seaway for the winter: she is aground and surrounded by ice.

A BRITISH LINER AGROUND NEAR GIBRALTAR: The *Braemar Castle* (17,029 tons) is being assisted by Admiralty tugs to refloat. On the right are lighters stranded in the gale which blew the liner aground. It took two hours to refloat the *Braemar Castle* and she was then taken to Gibraltar, where divers found no damage. She continued her voyage to London. There had been no danger to the 300 passengers in the *Braemar Castle*.

A MONKEY'S TRIP INTO SPACE: A technician puts Sam, a 7-lb. rhesus monkey, into a container, which was then placed into a one-ton capsule and fired 55 miles into space and parachuted into the North Atlantic. The firing took place at Wallops Island, Virginia, and Sam, in his container, after being in flight for thirteen minutes, was picked out of the sea 200 miles offshore two hours later. He was apparently unharmed by the experience. The capsule, 10 ft. high, was of the type to be used in the future to put a man into space.



FLOODS IN ITALY: A swollen stream of the River Tiber rushes under an old bridge at Subiaco, south of Rome. Part of the bridge has begun to crumble away with the force of the torrent. In the area, serious flooding swept away livestock and broke telephonic communications; crops and houses were severely damaged. Heavy rain fell in many parts of Italy during last week and three main roads out of Rome were cut. In floods in Sicily twelve people died.

Below—

GALES ON THE RIVIERA: Debris litters the water in Monaco Harbour after severe gales and storms swept the coast last week. Many of the small craft were damaged. Last week, there were reports of heavy rain over southern France and northern Italy, where the Po burst its banks.

EXPERIMENTING WITH IMPROVED ARMY ACCOMMODATION: Guardsman David Kelsey, of the 3rd Battalion, Grenadier Guards, folds back his bed in a four-man room at Wellington Barracks, in London. On the left are built-in washhand basins. The beds fold back between lockers providing space for the soldiers' clothing. In the experiment with better accommodation at the barracks, one N.C.O. and eight Guardsmen are taking part. There are two types of four-man room. The other kind has wall lockers mounted about 18 ins. off the floor so that beds can be slid underneath them during the day.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE NEW KNESSET: Mr. Kadish Luz, the newly elected Speaker, addresses the inaugural session of the new Israeli Parliament in Jerusalem. The indications last week were that Mr. Ben-Gurion, the Prime Minister, would soon announce the names of members of his new Cabinet, to be formed as a result of the recent general election. It was understood that Mrs. Golda Meir was to remain as Foreign Minister.

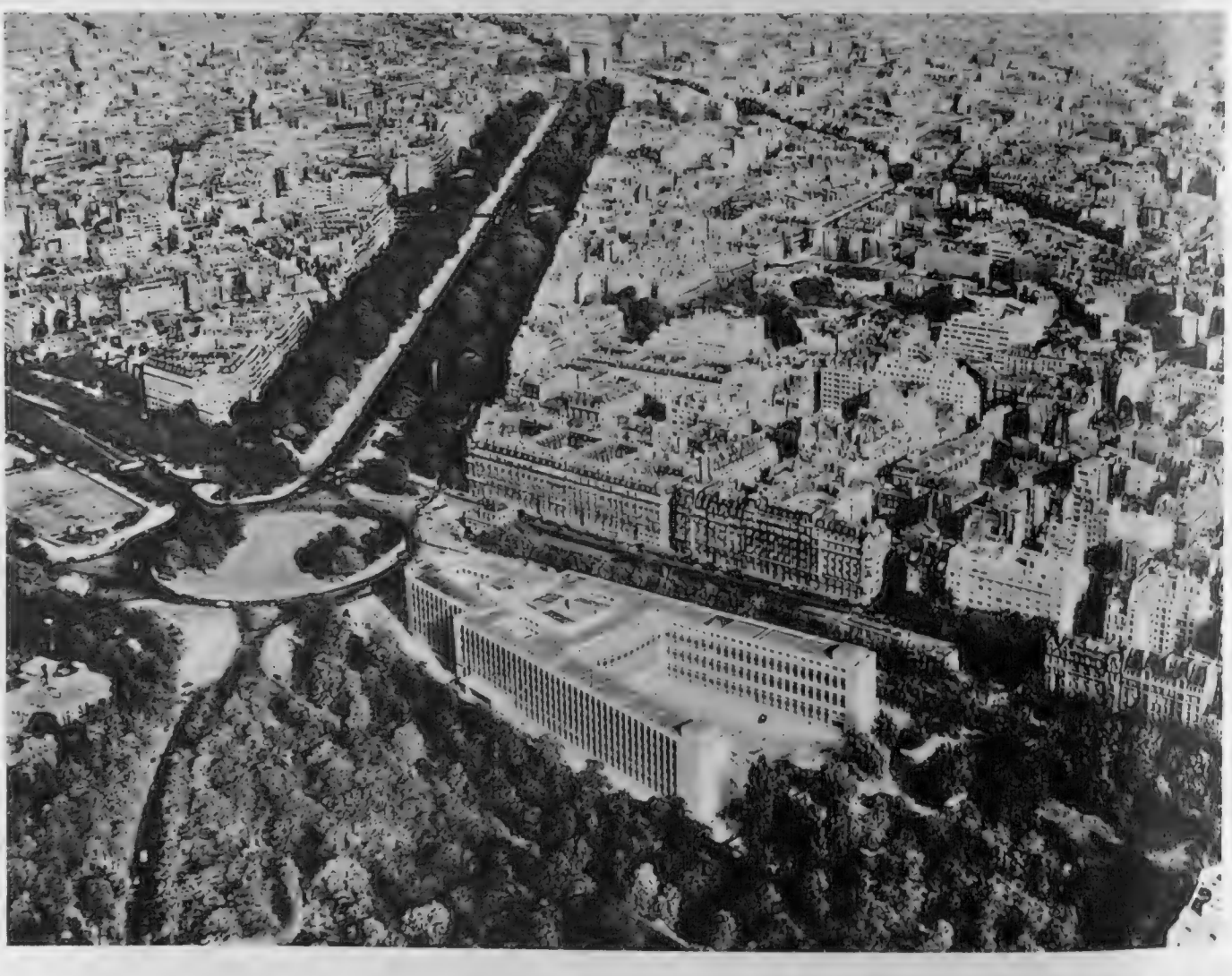
TWO FORMER WHITE HOUSE RESIDENTS DISCUSS THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY'S FUTURE: Ex-President Truman and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt sit together at a private meeting of the Democratic Party's Advisory Council in New York. The three-day session of the Committee of leading Democrats, among whom Mr. Truman and Mrs. Roosevelt are most influential, was referred to in the American Press as "the kick-off" of the Democratic Campaign for the Presidential election due next November.

ANGLO-GERMAN DEFENCE CO-OPERATION: Mr. Harold Watkinson (left), the British Defence Minister, and Herr Strauss, his West German counterpart, talk together in Bonn. They met last week for discussions on mutual defence questions. An important point which emerged was the probability that West Germany will co-operate with Britain in the development of Blue Water, the British ground-to-ground artillery rocket. The missile is said to be still in the drawing-board stage. Details of its capabilities are on the secret list, but it should have a range of 100 miles and carry an atomic war-head. Other matters discussed in Bonn were reported to be tanks and anti-tank weapons and the size of the British forces to be maintained in Germany.

BRITAIN AND THE U.A.R. RESUME DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS: Mr. Colin T. Crowe is the new British Chargé d'Affaires in Cairo. He has been in Egypt for some time as head of the British Property Commission. Diplomatic relations were severed by Egypt on November 1, 1956, at the time of Suez. Their re-establishment was announced on Tuesday of last week.

THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF SOUTH AFRICA: Mr. C. R. Swart, former Minister of Justice, has been appointed to succeed the late Dr. Jansen, who died of leukæmia on November 25. Mr. Swart became Minister of Justice in 1948, and was appointed Acting Prime Minister in 1958, while the late Dr. Strydom was ill. He was born in the Orange Free State in 1894.

On right—



THE NEW NATO H.Q.: It is at the Porte Dauphine, in the Bois de Boulogne, in Paris, and will be used for the meeting of the Atlantic Council due to open on Tuesday next (December 15). The first permanent headquarters of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation is shaped in the form of an A. The apex is at the Place Dauphine. The near-side in the picture projects into the Bois de Boulogne and the other follows the Boulevard Lannes. Above the seven floors there is a restaurant on the roof. The design is the work of an international team of architects and the various NATO members have provided building materials or other equipment.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION CAMPAIGN IN CYPRUS: A large crowd in Metaxas Square, Nicosia, listens to Mr. Glafkos Clerides, interim Minister of Justice, speaking on behalf of Archbishop Makarios, a candidate for the first Presidency of the Republic of Cyprus. In the election on December 13 the other candidate is Mr. John Clerides, the father of Mr. Glafkos Clerides.

SPEAKING FOR HIS FATHER'S RIVAL: Mr. Glafkos Clerides addresses a crowd during the election campaign in Cyprus. An active supporter of Archbishop Makarios and his father's political opponent, he thinks the former is the "only man to lead Cyprus at this crucial stage in its history." The Archbishop's party, the United Democratic Front for Regeneration, is supported by former EOKA members, the Greek Church, and the majority of villagers. Among other things it stands for the implementation of the Zurich Agreement on Cyprus. The anti-Makarios party, the Democratic Union, recently formed, contains groups from the Right and the Left wings of political opinion.

AN AWARD FOR BRAVERY FOR SIR EVELYN BARING: The former Governor of Kenya (right) is presented by Mr. Iain Macleod, the Colonial Secretary, with the Queen's Commendation for Brave Conduct. The ceremony took place at the Colonial Office, in London. Sir Evelyn, who is aged fifty-six, received the award for his conduct in rescuing an Asian girl from death by drowning when she was in difficulties while bathing in the sea at Casuarina Point, near Melindi, in Kenya, on September 6 last. Sir Evelyn swam more than 150 yards before reaching her.

THE FUTURE OF KENYA: Mr. Tom Mboya, Secretary of the Kenya Federation of Labour, is seen at London Airport before leaving to attend the Congress of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, the world organisation of the non-Communist trade unions. While making a brief stop in London he had talks with Mr. Macleod, the Colonial Secretary, regarding the future of Kenya and its Constitution.

THE RIVAL TO ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS: Mr. John Clerides, a barrister, described as of moderate political opinions, makes a speech in his campaign to become first President of Cyprus. A former Mayor of Nicosia, he is a founder member of the new Democratic Union Party.

DEBATING THE QUESTION OF ALGERIA AT THE UNITED NATIONS: During the meeting of the U.N. Political Committee, the seat for the French delegate remains empty. Left is the Ghanaian representative, Mr. Quaison-Sackey, and right is the Finnish representative, Mr. Enckell. France had declared she would boycott the Committee's debate on Algeria, as she did last year, when a resolution calling for negotiation between France and the Algerians failed, by one vote, to gain passage. The sole speaker on the first day of the debate this year was Mr. Mongi Slim, of Tunisia. He made a moderate plea for "reconciliation and peace," and went on to say that President de Gaulle's statement in September offering the Algerian people the right to decide freely their own destiny, and the reply of the "Provisional Government of the Algerian Republic," amounted to an agreement in principle on the right for self-determination. In political circles in Paris, strong exception was taken to Mr. Slim's demand that France should negotiate a political settlement as well as a cease-fire.

AGREEMENT ON THE ANTARCTIC: Mr. Kuznetsov, the representative of the U.S.S.R., signs the treaty in Washington. It was also signed by representatives of Argentina, Australia, Belgium, Chile, France, Japan, New Zealand, Norway, South Africa, the U.K., and the U.S. The result of much bargaining, the treaty establishes peaceful scientific co-operation in Antarctica.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

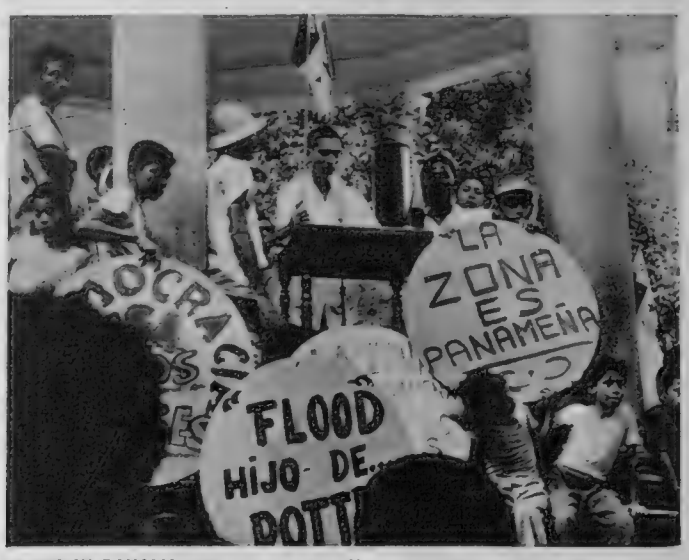
ANTI-AMERICAN RIOTS IN TOKYO: Crowds of trade union members, students, and members of the Socialist and Communist Parties are in the grounds of the Diet. The demonstration, in which about 30,000 people participated, was part of a Left-Wing nationwide campaign opposing the revision of the United States - Japanese security treaty. Breaking through a cordon of some 5,000 policemen, the demonstrators entered the Parliament grounds while the Diet was debating the treaty.

A DEMONSTRATION IN BRUSSELS: In front of the Grand Palace in the Belgian capital are some of the 20,000 demonstrators. Members of ex-servicemen's and other patriot organisations were protesting against the current campaign in favour of an amnesty for the 230 wartime collaborators now serving prison sentences in Belgium. The meeting in the Grand Palace was preceded by a parade.

On right—

ANGLO-ITALIAN TALKS IN LONDON: Mr. Macmillan welcomes Signor Segni, the Italian Prime Minister, on the latter's arrival at Victoria Station. The conversations between British and Italian Ministers last week were described as "useful and business-like," and consisted of a general exchange of views and information.

DR. ADENAUER IN PARIS: The West German Chancellor is greeted at the Elysée Palace by President de Gaulle. During his two days in Paris last week Dr. Adenauer had discussions with President de Gaulle, M. Debré, the Prime Minister, and other French Ministers. An important topic in the conversations was reported to be the future of NATO and the integration of Western Military Defence. Before his Paris visit Dr. Adenauer was known to be apprehensive regarding General de Gaulle's attitude to these matters. It was hoped the Franco-German talks had allayed the Chancellor's apprehensions. Other subjects discussed included the Summit and Berlin.



RIOTS IN PANAMA: Demonstrators listen to a Cuban supporter of the Castro regime during anti-American riots over the control of the Canal Zone. *Right*—An American soldier is taunted by Panamanian youths attempting to enter the Zone and plant their flag there. Rioting broke out during the celebration of the anniversary of Independence in 1821, when the region that is now Venezuela, Ecuador, Colombia and Panama broke away from Spanish rule. Most of the demonstrators were students and many carried banners endorsing the policies of the Cuban Premier, Dr. Castro. At a Press conference which was held in Washington a few days later, President Eisenhower said he thought that the Panamanian flag should fly in the Canal Zone alongside the Stars and Stripes.

World Affairs

THE MENACED SUB-CONTINENT

By JOHN CONNELL

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER set out last week on his long, rapid and ambitious world tour. So far as Asia is concerned his journey is very necessary, of crucial importance, but perhaps a little belated. Is it unkind to be conscious of a twinge of recollection that is far from pleasant ? Am I right to see any analogy in those hurried visits to a doomed France, to a collapsing North Africa, to a menaced Greece and Turkey, which British Ministers made in 1940-41 ?

It is certainly in Asia rather than in the far more tranquil affairs of Europe that President Eisenhower will have to exert all his skill, statesmanship and courage. The curious and undoubtedly disquieting disparity between the situation in the Western hemisphere and that obtaining in Asia has deepened in recent months. Has the idea that the Soviet Union wants to—or can—hold the Chinese People's Republic in check for any length of time been tacitly abandoned. If so, is it not possible that such abandonment is a trifle premature and alarmist ?

Admittedly an incident like the kidnapping of an American Marine sergeant, in broad daylight in a Bombay street, and his subsequent detention for six hours in the Chinese Consulate, has a sinister ring about it. Admittedly it is surprising—to put it mildly—when Mr. Nehru, at Ahmadabad, tells one of those mass meetings of which he and his followers are so fond, "Armed conflict with China may come. . . . . Dark clouds are gathering around India. . . . At this grave moment, if we waver or falter, we shall be committing a serious mistake. . . . I call upon the people of India to be prepared and to do their duty."

This is customarily the language that statesmen use when, on one side or other, patience has been almost exhausted, when the drafts of the ultimatum are being prepared, ambassadors are thinking about asking for their passports, the mobilisation orders have gone out and the troop trains are rumbling towards the menaced frontier. None of these dreadful developments has yet occurred in India, nor are they very likely to occur in the immediate future. The storms of winter are sweeping the length of the Himalaya; and even the Chinese (however much they may want to do so) would find it impossible to launch a major offensive across this colossal land barrier in these months. Mr. Nehru has a breathing space, though not of vast duration. Why did he choose to make a speech of the on-the-verge-of-the-abyss order ?

It was probably in response to the popular mood, rather than in any attempt to stir public opinion in India, which is already thoroughly aroused. Since the beginning of the dispute with China Mr. Nehru has been much more restrained and much less ready to rush to extremes than a large, influential and very vocal section of opinion in both Parliament and the Press in India. He is now, however, in no doubt as to the depth of the feeling that exists.

Even less does he need to cry "Wolf ! Wolf ! " in order to awaken the interest of the outside world. For rather longer than it is altogether charitable to recall, politicians and observers of international affairs have vied with one another in their strenuous efforts to persuade Mr. Nehru to take seriously the warnings which they gave him. Until very recently their only reward was a patient, patronising and ineffably superior smile. Mr. Nehru, encased in his armour of neutralism, was sure that he knew better, much better than they did. Now, the whole concept of neutralism is riddled and battered with shot, and Mr. Nehru is fighting an extremely difficult political battle to retain the services of his Defence Minister, Mr. Krishna Menon, who is widely disliked.

Mr. Eisenhower's visit to the sub-continent is the most impressive evidence of the keenness of American interest in the present dispute, its origins and its outcome. His stay in India, we are assured, is regarded as the climax and major objective of his round-the-world journey. But in the same breath we are also told that he has no intention of trying to woo India to enter the fold of Western alliances. Frankly, he has no very large American dowry to offer, were he to try this form of persuasion and were India to succumb. The current American adverse balance of payments rules out large-scale *largesse*.

What the President is apparently going to suggest to Mr. Nehru is the establishment of an international mission, including probably American, British, French, German and Japanese experts, whose task it will be to determine what long-range plans can be devised to meet India's development needs. I have an uneasy feeling that this suggestion, like that of the international Consortium which took over the Persian oil-producing industry after Dr. Mossadeq's bout of intransigent nationalism, looks magnificently plausible on paper, and does great credit to the ingenuity of the planning magicians who thought it up in Washington.

But in practical application it will be filled with snags, and disillusionments. Even the presence of an Asian—the representative of a brainwashed and redeemed nation—in the panel of experts will not serve to alleviate the suspicion that here, political imperialism having been kicked ignominiously out of the front door, economic imperialism is sliding quietly in at the kitchen entrance. The prevalence of this suspicion, and the immense difficulty of removing it, are two of the most stubbornly difficult factors in all relations between Asiatic (and lately independent) nations and the nations of the West, who are still believed to harbour imperialistic ambitions.

DISCUSSING PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S WORLD TOUR: Inside the White House, the President poses with leaders of both parties from the Senate and House of Representatives after a meeting to gain bipartisan support for his tour. In the foreground from left are Mr. Lyndon Johnson, the Democrat leader of the Senate; Mr. Eisenhower; Mr. Rayburn, Speaker of the House; and Mr. Herter, the Secretary of State. Behind from left are Senator Fullbright, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee; Mr. Nixon; Mr. R. Chiperfield; Mr. C. Halleck, minority leader in the House; Senator Dirksen, Republican leader in the Senate; Mr. T. E. Morgan, Foreign Affairs Chairman in the House; and Senator C. Wiley. Mr. Eisenhower flew to Rome, his first stop, on Thursday of last week.

Ever since the process began, just after the end of World War II, I have said repeatedly that the retreat from empire has been precipitate. Again and again I have been accused of being a jingo and a reactionary, whose only motive in making this highly unpopular stand has been a craving for lost power over others, a schoolboyish nostalgia for an empire on which the sun never set. What I have tried to stress (and my critics have refused to face) is the grave danger implicit in abandoning a great moral, as well as political, economic and strategic responsibility. Some of the major consequences of that abandonment of responsibility are now becoming increasingly apparent, both in Asia and in Africa.

The advocates of withdrawal have had the running for a good many years. Now they ought in honesty to face the question: was that withdrawal effected too soon and at too great a cost for the inhabitants of the countries from which we departed ? It is difficult to believe, for example, that had there existed to-day a unified, probably federal, State in the Indian sub-continent, with a single army which—however completely "nationalised"—had retained the status, outlook, traditions and military capacity of the old British-led Indian Army, the Chinese threat would have been either as violent or as dangerous as it now is. Military weakness, throughout most of Asia to-day, is regrettably enough synonymous, in the ultimate analysis, with diplomatic and political weakness. A fortnight ago I heard, in Mr. Edward Murrow's remarkable television programme, "Small World," U Nu, ex-Prime Minister of Burma, discussing this very point, across thousands of miles, with his friend David Ben Gurion, the Prime Minister of Israel. U Nu was as disarming as his country is disarmed; and he appeared to pin a serene faith on the good intentions of his neighbours, including China, and in the power and authority of the United Nations. Since Israel has learned the necessity and the art of self-defence in a very stern school, Ben Gurion was a great deal more realistic.

Other Asiatic leaders are beginning, belatedly and ruefully, to understand that internal weakness and dissension can and will provoke external aggression. President Ayub Khan, of Pakistan, is emerging as a statesman of impressive stature. He has recognised that continued tension between his country and India is a source of peril to them both. The main surviving cause of this tension is Kashmir; there is an ironic inevitability about the fact that the greatest Chinese pressure is along the north-eastern border of Kashmir. Has it not been said again and again that it is a fundamental principle of Marxist strategy to search for the most vulnerable point in any defended perimeter, to probe there, and, if the probing proves effective, to strengthen the build-up for a major attack ?

Ayub Khan spoke with soldierly forthrightness to a correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* towards the end of last month. "We have got to have," he said, "a general settlement between Pakistan and India. Once that happens and once we cease to regard each other as potential enemies, then in respect to the threat to this sub-continent from outside our attention to our sensitive area will become wholehearted and our defensive measures effective. India and Pakistan have got to have peace between themselves if they want to save themselves from possible events which may emerge in the future."

Pakistan, of necessity, looks with considerable apprehension at developments not only in Ladakh, but in Afghanistan, where Russian military and economic penetration has reached formidable proportions. The pathetic, ill-fated Bagdad Pact which was intended—in addition to various other impracticable and high-falutin aims—to provide protection against this particular threat, has now acquired a new name and a new base. There is no indication that this has added in the slightest to its efficiency. The sub-continent is now threatened from two directions. Surely a primary task awaiting President Eisenhower is that of taking the initiative in scrapping these out-of-date and futile defensive arrangements, and building up a new strong, practicable system. He has some time in which to do it, but not overmuch.

THE PINK ZONE IN OPERATION: In Hanover Square, in London, the parking of cars is restricted to allow free movement of traffic. A part of central London is designated the Pink Zone: in it there are stringent regulations in force over Christmas to control parking, waiting and unloading.

BEFORE THE PINK ZONE: Taken a few days before the plan came into operation, the picture shows the same view of Hanover Square as the picture on the left. Cars were parked so as to allow only a narrow passage round the square. In the one-way Brook Street (centre background), double parking meant that the entrance to the Square was extremely congested and the traffic crossing New Bond Street was held up. The Minister of Transport, Mr. Marples, announcing the plan to relieve the congestion in central London over the Christmas period, said that it was aimed at improving the flow of transport and helping the Christmas shopper, not at banning private cars.

During the Christmas shopping period in central London, traffic congestion in the streets is being alleviated by a special traffic plan, which was announced by Mr. Marples, the Minister of Transport. The West End has been designated the Pink Zone: this covers an area bounded by Park Lane, Edgware Road, Marylebone Road, Euston Road, Southampton Row, Aldwych, the Strand and Piccadilly. Within this area, severe restrictions on waiting, parking, and unloading, have come into force. Firm action, for instance, is being taken against motorists who leave their cars within 100 ft. of a traffic light. The plan is designed to encourage motorists to leave their cars at home or to park them in temporary parking spaces, with room for 6,000 cars, organised round the periphery of the zone. There are seventeen of these. Those nearest to central London open at 10 a.m., and those further out at 8 a.m. The object of this is to discourage motorists from bringing their cars into central London during the rush hour.

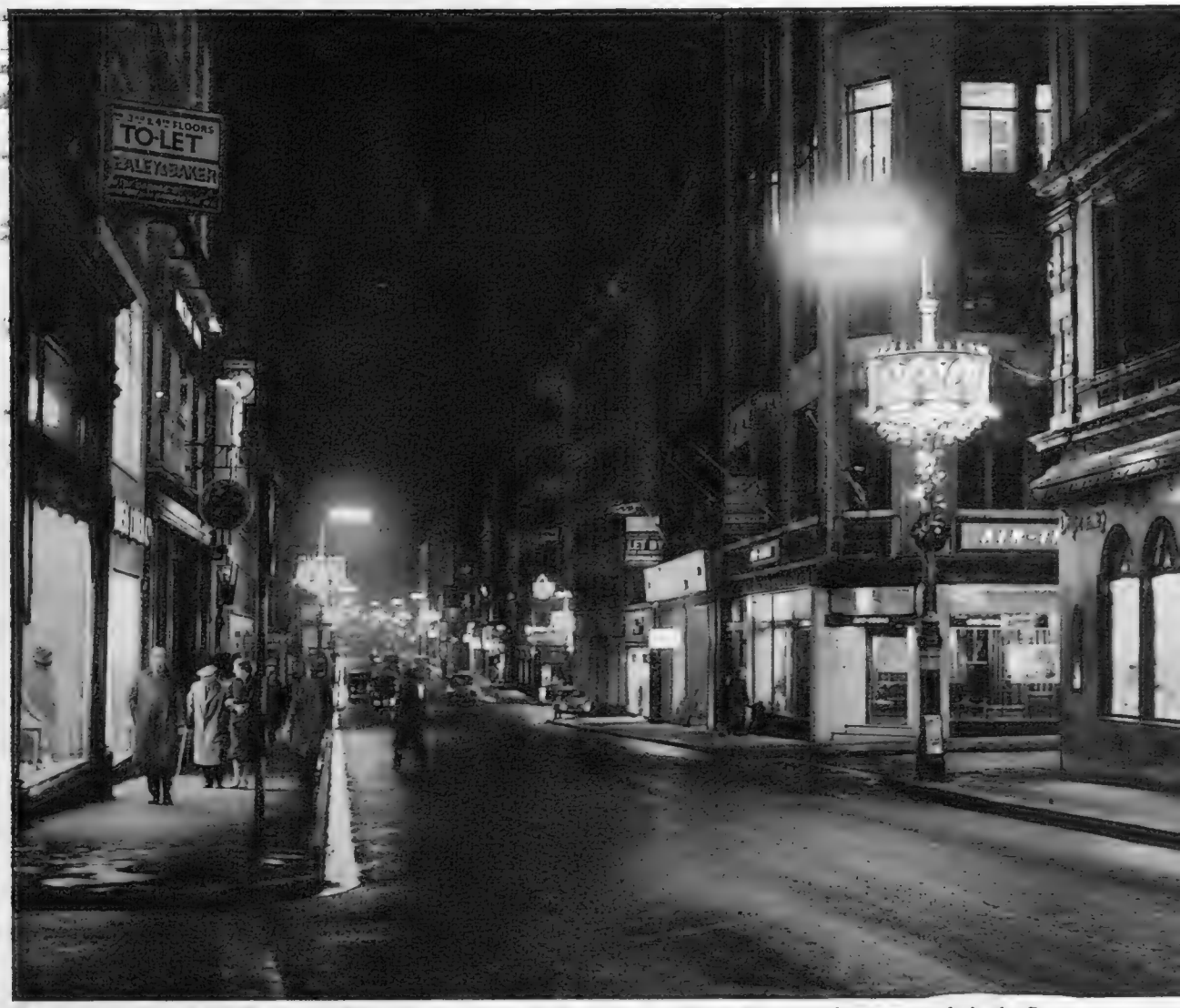
Over the first few days of the plan, the scheme was described as a great success. Traffic was able to move swiftly through the streets and there were hopes that the Pink Zone might continue in operation after the proposed ending on about January 16. Basically, however, the new regulations might be said in essence to be only a warning that existing traffic restrictions in a specified area would be firmly enforced. To solve the all-the-year-round traffic congestion in London, a more radical solution may have to be brought into force.

A "CHRISTMAS CAR-PARK": Cars line The Mall, one of the extra parks just outside the Pink Zone. Seventeen extra parks are placed round the periphery of the area, to accommodate approximately 6,000 cars.

A CLEAR ROAD IN LOWER REGENT STREET: During the special traffic plan, no centre parking is allowed in the street leading up to Piccadilly Circus. Unloading of goods is totally prohibited between 1 p.m. and 6.30 p.m. and the No Waiting restrictions have been extended until 10 o'clock in the evening.

THE PINK ZONE

The Scheme to Relieve Christmas Traffic Congestion in Central London Starts with Great Success



CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS IN BOND STREET: The lamp standards are adorned with illuminated coronets. It is the first time that the famous shopping street has been decorated for Christmas. The scheme has been promoted by the Bond Street Association. Before the Pink Zone scheme came into operation, Bond Street was often congested with traffic.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE NEW ARRANGEMENTS: In Regent Street, traffic is able to move swiftly two abreast below the Christmas decorations of illuminated chandeliers. During rush hours, Regent Street is usually the scene of long traffic jams which were even worse in the past during the Christmas shopping period. On the first day the plan came into operation, the Pink Zone was described by observers as highly effective, although some critics feared that congestion would increase again once motorists were familiar with the arrangements.

RUGBY LEAGUE AT HEADINGLEY

A Visit to the Match Between Britain and Australia on a Murky November Afternoon in Leeds

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

HEADINGLEY is not the place, given free will, where I would choose to spend a misty November afternoon. It is a grand place on a hot summer afternoon, especially when England is playing Australia: better still, perhaps, when Yorkshire is playing Lancashire, for that is, in every way, a much sterner contest. But Leeds in November is not the most inviting of towns. The West Riding soot and smoke hangs heavy on the air, settles on the pavements, blackens still further the black buildings, and seems to get down under your collar. Even the odd assortment of statues in City Square, which provide a perennial subject for correspondence in the Yorkshire papers, lose their charm (if that is the right word) in the murk of a November afternoon. Even the half-naked nymphs adorning the balustrade, which surrounds the equestrian statue of the Black Prince, are so well shrouded in November grime that they could not offend the most innocent, the most puritanical eye. I have often wondered what on earth they are doing there: they are, with the Black Prince mounted, an improbable combination, you will agree.

But there I was, in Headingley on a misty November afternoon. And all because I did not know what I was talking about. I ought to have known better. There is a story, possibly apocryphal, but I would not care to swear to that since it rings pretty true to me, about a southerner who was watching, at Headingley, a Bank Holiday match between Yorkshire and Lancashire. You will find the story very well told in one of Miss Lettice Cooper's books, *Yorkshire West Riding*. I have not, unfortunately, got it before me: but it runs something like this. The southerner, a keen cricketer, much moved by some incident, shouted: "Well played." The man on his right took his pipe from his mouth, stared at him a moment, and asked: "Art 'a Yorkshire, lad?" "No." Immediately, the man on his left took his pipe from his mouth, stared at him a moment, and asked: "Art 'a Lancashire, lad?" "No." "Then," said both men as one, "what the hell has't got to do with thee?"

That is, more or less, what happened to me. I also spoke out of turn. This was back at the beginning of October. By the way, Leeds on a bright October day is a different place altogether. That incongruous collection of statues then repays a close examination: that is, if you are given the time to examine them closely and are not bustled out of the way by some housewife rushing to catch a tram. The women of Leeds always seem to be in a tearing hurry; the men are much more leisurely and deliberate. The sites of the tram and bus stops of City Square seem to have been chosen with devilish ingenuity for the express purpose of preventing any serious contemplation of the square or its statues.

But I was not examining the square or its statues; it is years since I really had a look at those statues. For all I know the people who every now and again write to the local papers advocating their removal may finally have won the day, though I doubt it. I was in a pub, having a beer and a sandwich. The conversation turned to Rugby League football. My four companions (chance acquaintances) were all ardent fans of the game, and one of them had evidently been a notable performer in his day. There was a good deal of talk about the Australians, who were in England, I learnt, for a tour and three Test Matches. The consensus of opinion seemed to be that they did not have much chance of winning a Test Match.

It was about then that, thinking I ought to contribute something to the conversation (other than beer and sandwiches), I made some remark about Rugby Union Football. Nothing provocative, mark you. There was a moment of stunned silence. Then I caught the full blast from four Yorkshire voices, each getting broader every second. It was a shattering experience. When the first full spate was over, and it seemed to last a long time, the gentleman who had been a notable performer in his day asked me if I had ever seen the game. "Only on television," I had to admit. "Television!" They said it as one. Well, that is not true. They brought the word down their nostrils: they snorted. They did not think awfully much of television, not when it came to Rugby League, and they thought still less of the commentary. "You want to see it," they said. "You won't think so much of Rugby Union once you have." Mind you, I had said nothing provocative: well, not really.

Anyway, the upshot of all this was that they said that they would send me a ticket for the second Test Match, if I would come up to Leeds to watch it. Then, I was assured, I would see Rugby League football at its very best. I said that I would. At that time I do not really think that I intended to do anything of the sort: it was one of those facile promises we are all very apt to make. Moreover, I did not for one moment believe that they would send me a ticket. I am afraid that I dismissed that as one of those facile promises. But there is a fine missionary spirit in the Rugby League—obviously, they are all out for converts—and in due course a ticket arrived. That is how I found myself at Headingley on a misty November afternoon.

There were thousands there. I do not know if it was a record crowd, but it was a very much bigger crowd than I, knowing nothing about it, had expected to find. It was certainly much bigger, everyone seemed to be agreed, than would have been the case had not Australia, in the face of all expert opinion, won the first Test Match at Swinton and won it most convincingly. So, perhaps it was a record crowd. Be that as it may, it was certainly a remarkable crowd: cloth-capped for the most part, but with a large sprinkling of young women, quite as many small boys and, surprisingly, a few small girls as well, as one would expect to find at a professional Soccer match. It was as expert, as informed, as passionately concerned, as the crowd at Headingley for a Yorkshire and Lancashire match on a Bank Holiday, which is saying a lot.

RUGBY LEAGUE TEST MATCH: In the second game of the series of three between Great Britain and Australia, at Headingley, Stevenson, the British captain, gets the ball away from a scrum. Britain won 11—10, to draw level in the series. The deciding match is being played to-day, December 12, at Wigan.

I found the young women particularly interesting. Young women go to Rugby Union matches; you will, for example, see plenty of them at the University Match at Twickenham. But you will find that very few of them know anything about Rugby Football. One or two go because their particular boy friend happens to be playing: most go because their boy friend of the moment happens to be going and, if the affair is to be brought to a successful conclusion, it is advisable to show interest. There was not, it seemed to me, anything like that about the young women at this match. Those I could see appeared to be as passionately interested in the game as the male spectators, and as informed.

There were three young women sitting immediately in front of me, and they were unescorted. They had not, it was evident, an acquaintance, let alone a boy friend, in either team; and they had travelled a long way to watch this match. They were there because they enjoyed Rugby League football for its own sake. And they knew all about it, and had past records at their fingertips. Once, when one of my companions was putting me right about something or other, one of them turned and corrected him, anxious that I, an obvious novice, should not be misinformed. He was considerably put out. But he was a big man. After time for thought, he leant forward, tapped her on the shoulder, and said: "Tha's reet, lass."

There is, as you know, a strong puritanical streak in Yorkshire folk, and particularly, I think, in the folk of industrial Yorkshire. It is, by the way, not nearly so noticeable just over the border in Lancashire. Those nymphs in City Square, Leeds, for example, are thought by many Yorkshire people to be indecent, whereas I have never thought them anything but funny. But this does not extend to language. The Yorkshireman believes in calling a spade a spade, and an Australian Rugby League footballer a —. You will not know the word, perhaps—but the Yorkshireman pronounces it with a double o. He is also by no means averse to the liberal use of the great Australian adjective. It was a colourful crowd, if not in dress, at least in comment.

But it was a remarkably fair one. No doubt the crowd at a league match is as partisan as that at a Soccer league match. I do not know, because I have not yet been to a League match, but I should be surprised if this were not the case. But here, though almost everybody in that huge crowd wanted Britain to win, there was no noticeable anti-Australian bias. Though they all seemed to consider these Australians to be very tough and perhaps a little too rough, I did not meet one who did not think that they had thoroughly deserved their victory over Britain in the first Test Match, and I met more than one who thought that they had given us a Rugby League lesson.

Before this match I did not meet one who did not think that, this time, the boot would be on the other foot. That, incidentally, was also the considered opinion of the experts. When, early in the game, despite the fact that Britain scored in the first minute, it became apparent that this was not going to be the case, the crowd did not vent their disappointment (as a Soccer crowd under similar circumstances would almost certainly have done) on the referee. Only once did a decision of the referee bring forth boos and whistles. They settled down to enjoy a delicately-balanced battle.

I use that word advisedly. The Australians may on this tour have acquired a reputation for toughness, for being a little too rough on occasion: in this match, at least, we held our own in this respect. I lost count of the number of penalties, but my impression is that most of them, and by quite a fair margin, I should say, were given against Britain: and not all of them were for technical offences. Much happens in the heat of battle. It does in a Rugby Union international for that matter; not everything that happens in the scrum in an England versus Wales match is strictly ethical, and I remember seeing an All Black sent off the field at Twickenham. This is a Man's game, as is Rugby Union football. All I can say is that I came away from Headingley with the firm conviction that, by comparison, Rugby Union is a cissy game.

But you cannot compare the two. I think that most people who have not watched both games think of Rugby League as the professional form of Rugby Union, that there is no more difference (perhaps less) between the two than there is between amateur and professional Soccer: and this impression is reinforced, perhaps, by the fact that a number of Rugby Union players, particularly from Wales and Cumberland, including some who have won international caps, turn professional and play in the Rugby League. I know that before I went to Headingley I was of that opinion. But, except for the fact that both games are played with an oval ball, that in both games you score tries and attempt to convert them, that in both games there are forwards and half-backs and three-quarters, there is nothing in common between the two.

It is not just a matter of different numbers. There are only thirteen players in a Rugby League team, the scrum being reduced to six. Or of a different system of scoring—a penalty is worth only two points as against three, which is a fairer estimate of its value, I think; or of different rules—no line-outs and no direct kicking to touch, for example, so that you never get the rather boring business of a fly-half working the touchline continually. The whole conception, strategy and tactics, is different.

Though I had been assured that I would see Rugby League football at its best, I cannot believe that I did so. With fewer players on the field, without the continual succession of set scrummages, without the muddled ruck that so often follows a line-out these days, this ought to be a much faster and more open game. This one was not. True, on the Australian side, at any rate, each of the huge forwards was as fast and as nimble as any of the backs, but the marking (and is it not the same with international Rugby Union?) was too close and tight, the tackling too fierce, for this match to shine as a spectacle. However the second Australian try was as beautiful a movement, carried through at top speed, as I have ever seen. I came away with the impression that this is a game for men of giant physique at the peak of fitness.

Thinking about it, I realise that this is a false impression. Rugby League is not just a matter of size and pace: skill counts for as much in this game as it does in Rugby Union, perhaps for more. Amid this collection of giants one man stood out: Stevenson, the British scrum-half and captain, and the smallest man on the field. From the stands he did not look much more than knee-high to an Australian, did not look as if he weighed more than nine stone, and yet as the game progressed, the more he dominated it. And the fact that Britain won in the end by one point, 11—10 (after being four points behind with but a quarter of an hour to go) was due to his ice-cold brain. My Yorkshire friends are wrong in believing that I shall now think less of Rugby Union. But they have made a convert. All square and one to play. I shall be at the Third Test Match. I would not miss it for all the tea in China. It'll be murder.

KARIBA DAM: Designed to provide electric power for the Central African Federation, the dam is 400 ft. high and about 1,800 ft. long. Water pours through the sluices at the rate of about 225,000,000 gallons a day to maintain the height of the Zambezi River as it flows through the Mozambique Territory. Stretching across the dam are wires which have been used to transport materials from one side of the gorge to the other. Right is the bridge used while the road across the top of the dam was finished.

HARNESSING THE ZAMBEZI

The First Commercial Electricity from the Kariba Hydro-Electric Scheme is Due at the Beginning of January

DURING December, the first giant turbine, in one of the underground power stations sunk in the walls of the Kariba Gorge, is being tested. On or about New Year's Day, the first commercial electricity is due to be generated. From then on the gigantic Kariba Dam, straddling the Kariba Gorge, in Rhodesia, will serve the purpose for which it has been constructed. A lake, over 150 miles long and still growing, has been formed out of the dammed waters of the Zambezi River, and many Africans have been found new homes. In May of next year, the Queen Mother will inaugurate the first stage of the scheme, which is estimated to cost £80,000,000. Stage One comprises six turbines and generators, which will produce 600 mW. of electricity. By 1971, up to seven additional generating sets will be working and about 1,400 mW. will be produced. In all, the scheme will cost £120,000,000.

Much of the electricity will be used in the Copperbelt region of Northern Rhodesia. This is the largest single producer of the metal in the Commonwealth, and the third largest in the world, surpassed only by the U.S.A. and Chile. In 1957 Rhodesia produced nearly £89,000,000 worth of copper. So that the industry, which is vital to the economy of Rhodesia, may expand, cheap supplies of electricity are necessary. It was for this reason that the Kariba hydro-electric scheme was inaugurated.

The site in the gorge, near the confluence of the Zambezi and its tributary, the Sanyati, was chosen because it offered the greatest room for expansion, the biggest potential output and the cheapest source of power. In the years before the work started in 1955, the area was more or less uninhabited, visited only by hunters and explorers. Livingstone, in 1860, wrote in his Zambezi Expedition journal:

" A little below Kansaho at Kariba there is a basaltic dyke stretched across the stream like an artificial dam, but it has a wide opening in it, dangerous only for canoes. The river is then narrow and deep flowing for several miles through a range of lofty mountains."

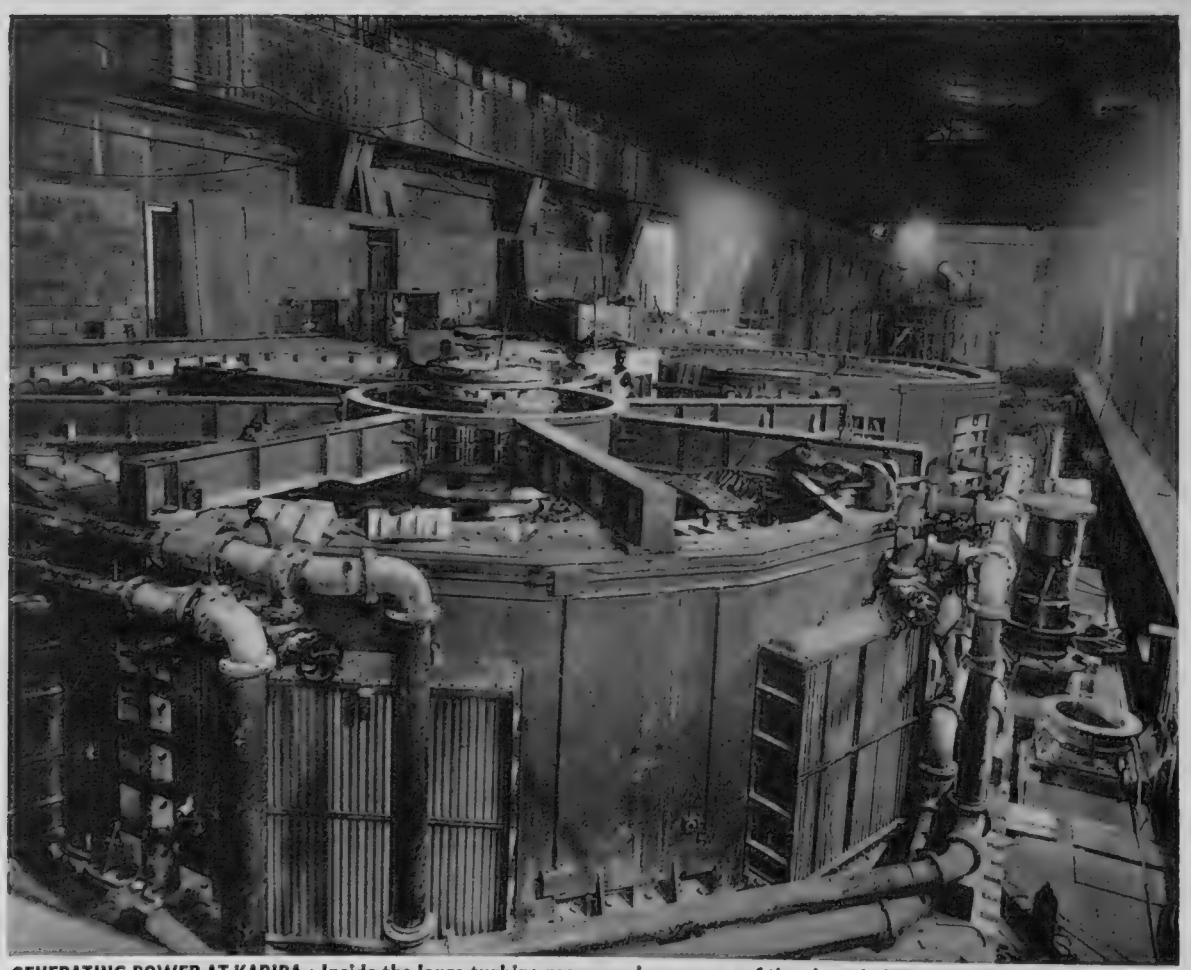
To-day there is a dam about 1,800 ft. long and higher than the Victoria Falls further up the Zambezi. A whole new township, housing nearly 10,000 people, sprang up, and an intricate network of roads and installations was built. Sunk into the sides of the gorge are two immense underground power stations. Some 30,000 members of the Batonga tribe left their homes on the banks of the Zambezi to be resettled on land provided by the Government; behind the dam there now stretches the largest man-made lake in the world. Under average rainfall conditions it will take until 1963 for the lake to build up to capacity, when it will be about 200 miles long, with a greatest width of 30 miles and an average width of 12 miles.

The Zambezi River, the fourth largest in the African Continent, is 2,000 miles long, flowing from west to east and emptying itself through Portuguese-held territory into the Mozambique Channel opposite Madagascar. The damming of such a river is obviously a gigantic and perilous undertaking. The main contractors for the construction were an Italian firm, Impresit Kariba.

Work started in the middle of 1955. It was planned to erect the dam in three parts, the two ends first and then the middle. In order to build the ends, the river was diverted by building semi-circular coffer-dams out from the bank. In March 1957, the Zambezi flooded: water flowed through the gorge at 290,000 cub. ft. a second and the level rose to a height never before recorded in fifty years of measurement. The north coffer-dam proved to be not tall enough and was inundated. Work was held up for five-and-a-half weeks.

(Continued on following pages)

FROM THE AIR: The arc of the Kariba Dam stretches across the gorge. The various installations and their supply roads can be seen. The first electric power is due to be generated at the beginning of the New Year.



GENERATING POWER AT KARIBA : Inside the large turbine room can be seen one of the gigantic 100-mW. turbines (foreground). During December the first turbine is being tested throughout its variable speed range in preparation for generating the first electricity in 1960. When the six turbines of stage one are working, 600 mW. of electricity will be produced.

HARNESSING THE ZAMBEZI

(*Continued from previous page*)

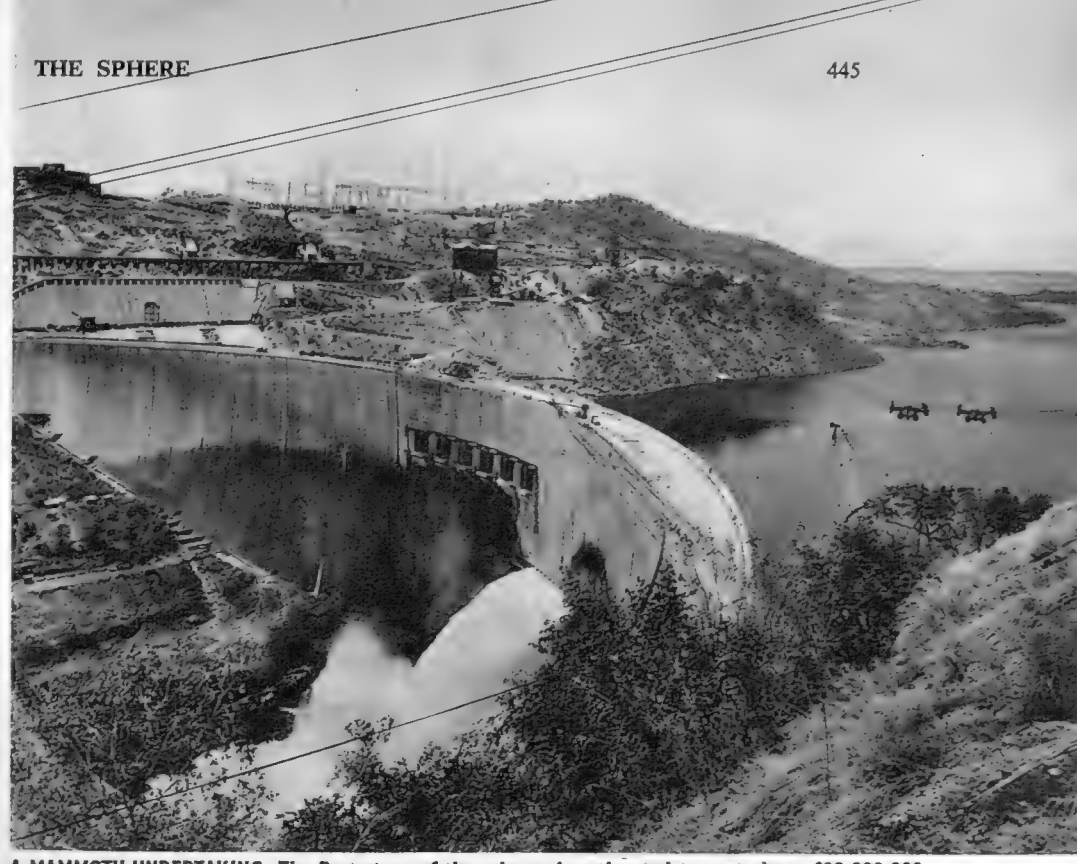
In the early months of 1958, there was a season of unprecedented rains. The main seasonal fall in the Angola highlands, where the Zambezi rises, came a month early. This coincided with heavy rains in Barotseland and the catchment area up-river from Kariba. The Zambezi was in flood again. At the time, both ends of the dam had risen well above normal river-level and the main coffer-dam, protecting the central section, had been built higher than even the last floods. As the river rose, the height of the coffer-dam was built up another 12 ft. to keep it from being inundated.

But the Zambezi forced its way through a crack in the rock below the foundations of the coffer-dam. Eight days later, the river poured over the upstream wall of the coffer-dam. At that time it was moving at a rate of 470,000 cub. ft. a second. Part of the downstream wall of the coffer-dam was demolished by the engineers to relieve the pressure. By February 25 the river was 150 ft. deep, and a road bridge, built at a cost of £42,000, was washed away. Then the river subsided.

Work on the dam was held up for three months, but the contractors managed to speed up their schedule. In April of 1958, 50,000 cub. yards of concrete was poured into the main dam wall and this total was raised until the main dam was finished.

Among the Batonga tribe, living on the banks of the Zambezi, there was a firmly-held belief that the river was a living being, to be held in awe and fear. During the floods a newspaper correspondent asked one of the engineers what he thought of the belief. The engineer answered with another question, " Male or female ? "

LOOKING AT THE DAM FROM DOWNSTREAM: The water gushing through the sluices keeps the Zambezi at its required height. Above and to the left are the six sluice-gates which will be opened should the water-level at the dam reach a dangerous height.



A MAMMOTH UNDERTAKING: The first stage of the scheme is estimated to cost about £80,000,000, and the project when complete about £120,000,000. In the background of the picture, work is in progress on the switching station. Right are wheeled trolleys used on the ropeways.

ROAD ACROSS THE TOP OF THE DAM: Work proceeds on the completion of the four-lane road which links one side of the gorge to the other. Liquid concrete, mixed in bulk, is used to speed construction. In order to house the workmen for the project a whole town of some 10,000 people was built and also a system of roads to supply materials. Under average weather conditions, the dam will not be full until 1963. Then the water of the lake will stretch for about 200 miles; its average width will be 12 miles and its greatest 30 miles.

THE HIGHEST HOUSE IN BRITAIN

The Story of the Observatory, Now in Ruins, on the Summit of Ben Nevis

By ELIZABETH COXHEAD

THE death in November of Professor C. T. R. Wilson, C.H., F.R.S., broke what was probably the last link with the Observatory on the summit of Ben Nevis. He was not a member of its staff, but like many other young physicists in the 1890's was glad to go to this most romantic of meteorological stations as unpaid relief observer during the summer. The cloud phenomena he witnessed, particularly the Brocken Spectres and their small relations the "glories," led him eventually to construct a cloud chamber in the laboratory. Lord Rutherford described it as the most original apparatus in the history of physics, and it played a vital part in the development of nuclear physics. Ben Nevis may, therefore, be said to have had its share in the splitting of the atom.

The top of Ben Nevis is unlike anywhere else in Britain: a "little Arctic" a mile long and a quarter-mile wide, rearing itself a mile into the sky. Its height and position in the track of the Atlantic gales make it a natural weather lookout. As early as 1881 a Fort William meteorologist called Wragge took observations by stumping up the mountain on most days throughout the summer and autumn. His work convinced the Scottish Meteorological Society that a permanent observatory would be worth building, and a fund was opened, Queen Victoria heading the subscribers. Some £5,000 was collected and for this modest sum a well-graded pony track was made to the summit and a one-room house with walls 10 ft. thick constructed from the granite blocks that litter it.

EYRIE FOR METEOROLOGISTS: The picture shows the Observatory during its period of operation (1883-1904) on the 4,406-ft. peak of Ben Nevis, in the Scottish Highlands, which is the highest mountain in Great Britain.

The Observatory was inaugurated on October 17, 1883. Next year it was enlarged by three more rooms and a 30-ft. tower, which carried the anemometers and also provided a high-level exit, experience having shown that the ground floor could become snowbound in one night. There was telegraph, and later telephone, connection with Fort William. Finally a sea-level observatory and a temporary "half-way house" completed the scheme. Private enterprise also took advantage of the track to build a "hotel," a wooden shack offering rough but costly shelter, just beyond the Observatory walls; needless to say it was only for summer tourist use.

PATTERN OF WINTER: Fog-crystals used to wreathe every post and spar in weird shapes. This spectacle was familiar during winter to the weathermen who collected valuable data during the twenty-one years of the Observatory's existence.

At this highest house in Britain—higher than any other by at least 2,000 ft.—the round of the instruments was made hourly, night and day, for twenty-one years. The staff in residence at any one time consisted of two observers relieving each other, a telegraph clerk, and a cook, and it was not easy to get cooks who would stay. There was never any difficulty in getting observers. Apart from an occasional toothache they were always well and happy up in the clouds, hated having to go down for a spell of service at base, and invariably caught a "Ben Nevis cold" when they did. Their love for their eyrie, and grief when it was taken from them, are quaintly expressed in an Edwardian period-piece called *Twenty Years on Ben Nevis*, by one of their number, William T. Kilgour.

Nothing, he tells us, could exceed the bliss of a fine summer morning, with the view extending perhaps a hundred miles to the Outer Hebrides, and the air so still that the bleating of a lamb could be heard far down in the smiling valleys. Once the observations had been taken, and the day's water collected from the spring thirty yards below the house, the happy meteorologist could smoke his after-breakfast pipe in the sun on the flat roof till the peace was disturbed by the pack-ponies coming up from Fort William, their panniers full of mail and fresh food, or of coke and tinned supplies for the winter.

Then followed the tourists, wanting to know the names of peaks and instruments, and to telegraph triumphant messages to their friends. (On wet days, 75 per cent. imagined themselves originators of the witticism "Viewed the mist and missed the view.") They were endured for the most part with humour and patience, but when the Observatory inmates sat down to a succulent 2 p.m. dinner, gatecrashers were firmly referred to the "hotel" across the road.

The two great tourist events were summit celebrations of the Diamond Jubilee in 1897, and King Edward VII's Coronation in 1902. For the first, a pipe band in full costume made the ascent, and for the second, the Town Council of Fort William climbed to telegraph loyal greetings in Gaelic. Alas, on both occasions the Ben refused to co-operate, and the bonfires which might have been visible in Ireland could hardly be seen from the Observatory door.

Life was lonelier in the winter. Once the snow had made the upper slopes treacherous, the ponies could no longer be used; often the roadman with his load of mail and tobacco failed to get up, and the observers would be cut off for weeks together. The house under its snow-blanket was snug, but the cold outside might be intense. (An Everest climber tells me he has been colder on Ben Nevis than anywhere in the Himalaya.) The worst enemy was the wind. It became too strong for the anemometers to measure, and the observers devised a scale of forces from 1 to 12, 12 being the force the survivor was to report when his colleague had been blown over the cliff. Luckily 12 was never reached—but often the two could not venture out unless roped together.

But there were glorious winter days, too, when the sun glittered on the weird fog-crystals that wreathed every post and spar; when ping-pong was played on a table constructed from a block of snow; or when the toboggans flashed down 2,000 ft. for a morning of skating and curling on the loch by the half-way house. The new sport of ski-ing was tried out by several enthusiasts. Nowadays there seem to be constant winter fatalities on Ben Nevis, but during the whole of the Observatory's history there was only one—when a telegraph clerk, whose setting out from Fort William had unaccountably not been notified to those above, died of exposure a short way from the summit and the friends who could have rescued him.

Almost on the Observatory's doorstep, Ben Nevis heels over in the greatest single precipice in Britain, and one winter's day the astonished observers looked down on tiny figures ascending where no man had trodden before—probably Dr. Norman Collie on his pioneer winter ascent of Tower Ridge in 1895. By the following summer the meteorologists, too, were frisking on the sensational upper half of Tower Ridge, which is not hard under summer conditions.

Thereafter, Easter meets of the Scottish Mountaineering Club festooned the cliffs with ropes and cheerful din, and Kilgour's description shows them as true ancestors of to-day's rock tigers. "They did not seem to revel in the view from the summit," he says, "so much as in the enjoyment of surmounting the difficulties of the tasks they imposed upon themselves." The Observatory was commemorated in the titles of Observatory Ridge and Buttress, and Gardyloo Gully, down which it tipped its refuse (from the war-cry of the medieval Edinburgh housewife, "*Gardez l'eau!*" as she emptied her pail out of an upper window). The favourite Observatory pastime of hurling rocks over the precipice must have been firmly discouraged once the climbers got into their stride.

ON TOP OF THE WORLD: A meteorologist checks his instruments. This is another picture from the past. The Observatory and its attendant buildings which were the living quarters for the staff are now in ruins.

Observatory evenings were as cheerful as the day, with whist, music and Highland flings; or, if nobody could play the bagpipes or mandoline, then a colleague at the low-level station played gramophone records into the telephone, "while those at the summit, with separate receivers, enjoyed the diverting and novel entertainment." A forerunner, one might say, of the radio programmes we hear to-day.

It was all too good to last. The £1,000 a year which the scheme cost to run was becoming increasingly difficult to find from private subscriptions, and the Directors appealed to the Government to take it over. The appeal was backed by Lord Kelvin and other eminent scientists, who pointed out the great value of the observations to British and to European meteorology as a whole. In vain; on October 8, 1904, this bargain in high-level stations was thrown literally to the winds. The instruments were dismantled and loaded on to ponies, the superintendent locked the door behind him, and Ben Nevis was once more untenanted.

To Kilgour and his colleagues, it was "a bitterness of the heart unspeakably sore." When he wrote his book the next year he still could not believe that "such an admittedly useful institution is to be abandoned, and left as a haunt of weasels and stoats." The penny-wise folly of it makes one groan after fifty years. With terrifying rapidity, and aided by tourist vandalism, the mountain crumbled the buildings away.

To-day, the Observatory ruins are a melancholy disfigurement of our highest summit; but to those who know their history of comradeship and achievement they can never appear absolutely sordid. The gale may screech around them, but the human echoes are friendly and warm. At any moment in this eerie place, one might hear the shouts of tobogganers in Norfolk jackets, the thrumming of jigs on the mandoline, perhaps even the bouncing of a ghostly ping-pong ball.

AT THE SUMMIT

Views of the Peak and Surroundings of the Highest Mountain in Britain

THE RUINS OF THE OBSERVATORY: The buildings are in a state of decay. The large mound on the left marks the summit, 4,406 ft. high, of Ben Nevis. In the article on the opposite page, Elizabeth Coxhead tells the story of the observatory from its start to decline.

MORNING ON TOWER RIDGE: Mist covers the crags. The picture is taken from the north-east buttress. The view from the top of Ben Nevis is very extensive on a clear day, with the possibility of seeing as far as the Outer Hebrides, 100 miles away.

ON THE PEAK: Climbers are photographed on Britain's highest point. Some remains of the observatory are on left. In the days when it flourished it attracted many visitors who climbed to see it during the summer months.

There was even a "hotel," a wooden shack, which offered rough shelter near the weather station. In winter the only people on the peak were the meteorological staff consisting of two observers, a telegraphist and a cook. They would sometimes be isolated for weeks on end.

On left—

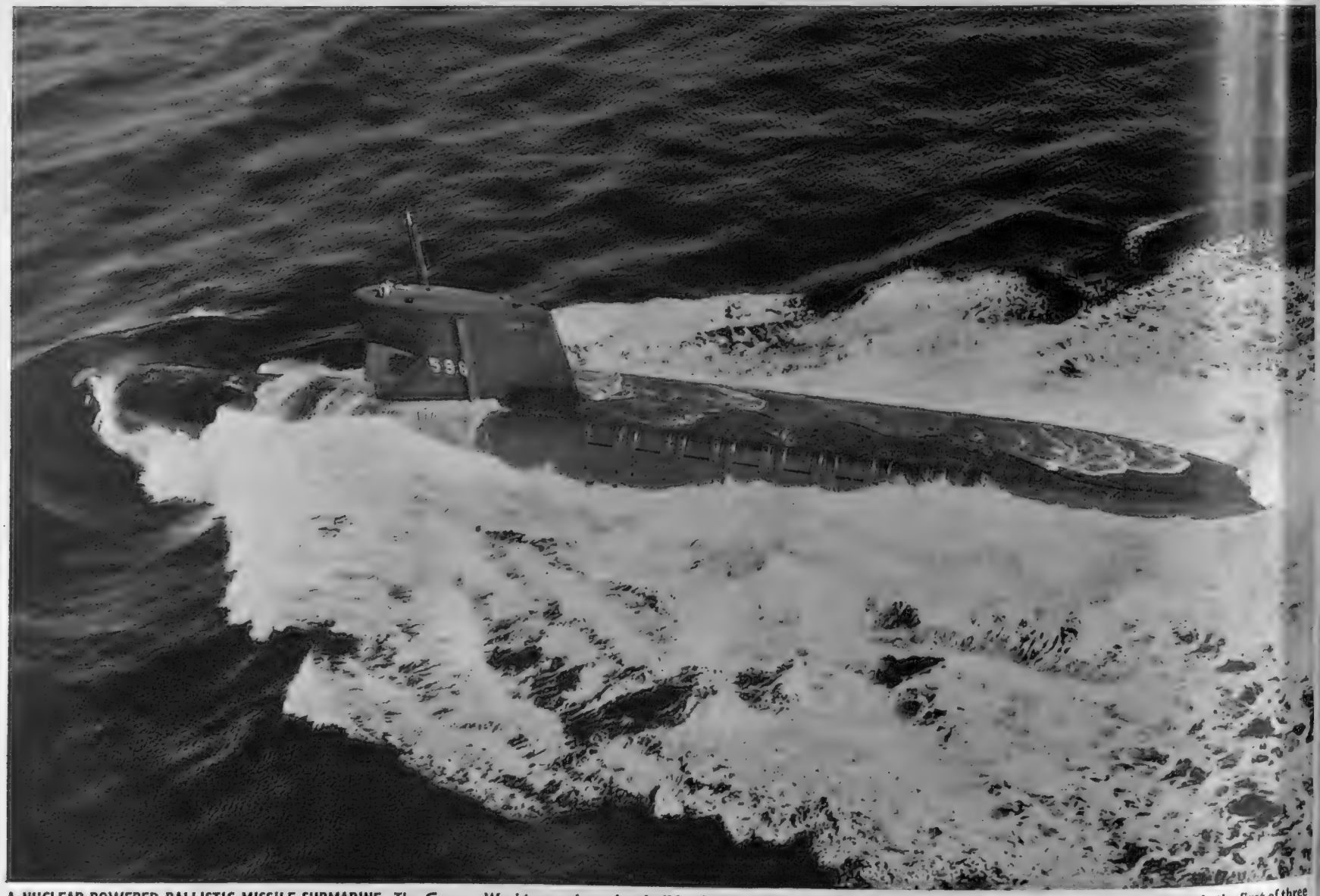
PANORAMA OF BEN NEVIS: The mountain towers above the town of Fort William lying on the shore of Loch Linnhe. Fort William is a favourite starting point for climbers making the ascent of Ben Nevis, the flat top of which is a mile long and a quarter mile wide. Its height and position in the track of the Atlantic gales make it a natural weather lookout. This fact was fully appreciated by those who started the observatory in 1883. It was dismantled twenty-one years later owing to lack of funds, the cost of maintaining it being about £1,000 a year.

MERCHANTMEN AND MEN OF WAR

Various Ships in Japan, the United States, Britain, Russia and France

A TANKER LAUNCHED IN JAPAN: Decked with streamers, the *Esso Amuay* (36,000 tons) slides down the slipway at Tamano. She is being built for the Creole Petroleum Corporation, of Venezuela, and is scheduled for completion next April.

AN ADDITION TO THE JAPANESE NAVY: The new Japanese destroyer *Akizuki* ploughs through the sea off Nagasaki while undergoing her builders' trials. She is one of two new destroyers being built under the United States Military Aid Programme. *Akizuki* has a displacement of 2,350 tons and has two sets of turbines which develop 45,000 s.h.p. to give a service speed of 32 knots. She was built by the Mitsubishi Shipbuilding and Engineering Co. at Nagasaki.

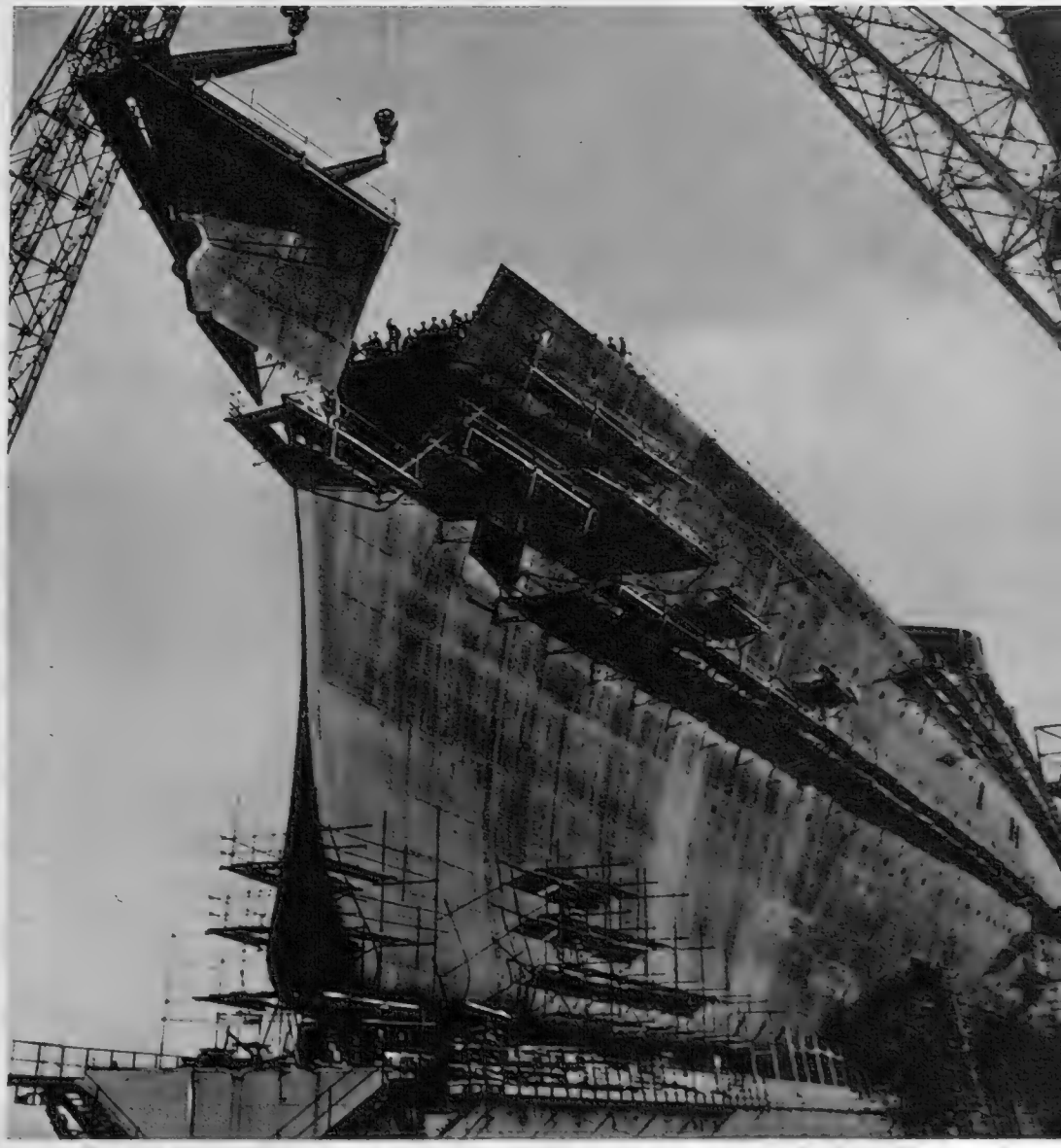


A NUCLEAR-POWERED BALLISTIC MISSILE SUBMARINE: The *George Washington* is on her builders' trials in Long Island Sound. To be commissioned on December 31, she is the first of three similar atomic-powered submarines specially built to carry Polaris fleet ballistic missiles, which may be fired from submerged positions. Each submarine will carry sixteen of the 1,200-mile-range missiles. The *George Washington*, which was constructed by the General Dynamics Corporation, of Groton, Connecticut, is powered by two Westinghouse nuclear reactors, water-cooled and geared to turbines. She has a standard displacement of 5,600 tons, a length of 380 ft., and a width of 33 ft. Included in her equipment is "SINS," the United States Navy's revolutionary navigational system, and new stabilising and electronics apparatus incorporating the most recent engineering advances. For the construction of the three nuclear-powered ballistic-missile submarines more than £100,000,000 was provided under the U.S. 1957-58 new construction programme.

GETTING READY FOR HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: The cargo-passenger liner *Amazon*, of Royal Mail Lines Limited, is at Belfast where her builders, Harland and Wolff Ltd., are completing fitting-out. The 20,000-ton motorship is the first of a class of three vessels now under construction to replace Highland class ships on the Britain to South America services. The second vessel, the *Aragon*, was launched at the end of October, and the third, the *Arlanza*, is on the stocks. *Amazon* has accommodation for 106 first-class, 82 cabin-class and 275 third-class passengers, with air-conditioning throughout. There is space for the carriage of 4,200 tons of chilled meat, fruit or dairy produce, according to season.

MARINE DEVELOPMENT IN THE SOVIET UNION: Her bows clear of the water and her stern leaving a cloud of spray behind, the *Meteor* is carrying out a test run on a Russian river. The picture was released recently from official Soviet sources. The motorboat, her streamlined shape giving an unusual appearance, is described as a river liner. The *Meteor* can carry approximately 150 passengers and her speed is reported to be in the region of 45 m.p.h.

LARGE, FAST SUBMARINE: The atomic-powered *Triton*, the largest submarine in the U.S. Navy, sails in the Atlantic. With a displacement of 5,900 tons she has a length of 447 ft., a beam of 37 ft., and a depth of 25 ft. She has two reactors to give her a speed of 30 knots so that she can keep pace with the fastest aircraft-carriers and destroyers. Commissioned on November 10, *Triton* cost almost £36,000,000. She has a complement of 148 officers and men.



BUILDING IN ST. NAZAIRE: The last prefabricated section of the hull—a stem piece weighing 30 tons—is hoisted into position on the bows of the liner *France*. The operation, undertaken by four cranes, took under 11 minutes. The longest ship in the world (she is 1,035 ft. in length), *France* is being built for the French Line and will take her place in the Atlantic service early in 1962. She will be launched next May. Her service speed will be 31 knots and she will make the Havre-Southampton-New York crossing in five days. There will be accommodation for 2,000 passengers.

IN AND NEAR THE CITY OF LONDON: *Left*—The lamp in its bracket hangs by an archway in Temple Lane, off Fleet Street, in the City of London. *Centre*—The gas lamps are painted black and gold and top a standard opposite the Law Courts at the end of the Strand. The lights also reflect on Dr. Johnson's statue at the east end of the Church of St. Clement Danes. Nearby is Temple Bar, the entrance to the City. *Right*—Another notable gas lamp hangs in the entrance passage to Henekeys' wine bar in the Strand, near Aldwych.

GAS LAMPS OF LONDON

Fine Examples of Street Lights from Another Age

Drawings by GEOFFREY S. FLETCHER

It is over 500 years ago since the first street lighting was introduced into Britain. In the fifteenth century householders in London were instructed to hang lanterns over their doorways during the winter months. Two hundred years later lantern-hanging had become a recognised trade. Men would make an evening round and hang up and light the lanterns in return for payment from householders.

Until the nineteenth century the purpose of street lighting, to quote one authority, was "solely to assist in the maintenance of law and order." The discovery that gas could be used as an illuminant altered the outlook. In 1807 F. A. Winsor lighted Pall Mall with gas lamps. (Needless to say there was tremendous opposition to this innovation.) In 1814, gas lit Westminster Bridge and a year later the streets of Westminster. The lighting of streets to assist the flow of traffic was an accepted principle.

It must have been before the middle of the century that Mr. Gladstone was reputed to have made his celebrated remark that "Democracy is as much an expedient as street-lighting by gas." None the less, the Victorians took their planning for both Democracy and street-lighting very seriously. As regards lights in streets, they designed charming standards and lamps. Each night the wicks were lit by the lamp-lighter—that figure beloved of writers of verses for children. Let it be added that there is undoubtedly some curious attraction about a lamp-lighter which appeals to both adults and their juniors. No doubt psychologists can explain the reasons.

Progress insists on the acceptance of new ideas. In the twentieth century gas has gradually been superseded by electricity. The advent of the internal combustion engine has meant ever-increasing volumes of traffic. To speed vehicles on their way during darkness, electricity, not gas, is the answer. In the 1930's, standard specifications were laid down for street lighting under the direction of the Ministry of Transport. To-day, most thoroughfares are illuminated by forms of lighting which, while doubtless of great benefit to motorists, can hardly be said to add to the æsthetic attraction of any given locality. Lighting of roads has in many places become a subject of controversy, though so far there seems little sign of dispute about the means of lighting airports. For these latter it is accepted without question that illumination must be strictly functional.

In Seething Lane, near Tower Hill, in the City of London.

There are still gas lamps in London. Among them are some exquisitely-designed brackets and standards. A few examples are illustrated on this page.

It may be wondered how many people notice them as they pass by. For instance, at the east end of the Strand, just short of Temple Bar and on the island which contains the church of St. Clement Danes, is a fine black and gold standard of the Victorian era. Its rays reach out to another little-noticed London landmark—Dr. Johnson's statue. In St. John's Wood, close to Lord's cricket ground, an excellent specimen of a nineteenth-century street lamp shines on another piece of still-functioning Victoriana, the oldest pillar-box in use in London. It seems certain that most Londoners will want the gas lamp brackets to remain as survivors from a previous age; even though they may have to be transformed eventually into containers for electric lights.

VARIOUS EXAMPLES OF LONDON'S SURVIVING GAS LAMPS: *Extreme left*—Canonbury Place, in Islington, has a superb example of the manner in which the streets of London were lit during the Late Victorian period. *Left*—"The Patent Sewer Gas Destructor" consists of a hollow tube of cast iron through which sewer gases are drawn up. This drawing, made in Carting Lane, off the Strand, shows one of the very few remaining in London. *Centre*—An angled lamp in Islington. *Right*—By this delicate standard near Lord's, in St. John's Wood, is the oldest pillar-box in London, which is hexagonal in type. *Extreme right*—An old lamp in Cheyne Walk, in Chelsea, on the Thames Embankment.

BELOW TOWER BRIDGE

Cargo-handling in the Evening at a Thames Wharf

ACTIVITY IN THE POOL OF LONDON: *Left* and *below*— Under tall cranes and powerful lights in the evening, ships are being unloaded at Hay's Wharf, a private wharf east of Tower Bridge (which can be seen in the background of both pictures), in the River Thames. The ships are mostly Dutch and Danish and vary in size from about 500 to 4,000 tons. Their incoming cargoes are mainly of a general nature, and they carry large amounts of provisions, including butter, lard, cheese, eggs and bacon. These are mainly distributed through the nearby Tooley Street market. The unloading of their cargoes takes between 24 and 48 hours and they take back to their home ports cargoes of almost every kind. The Dutch freighters make the North Sea crossing in about twelve hours, while the Danish ships, which are generally larger, take approximately thirty-six hours on their longer haul northwards. The vessels are normally to be found in the Pool of London on Mondays and Tuesdays each week. They load in their home ports on Fridays and Saturdays. Into the port of London each week of the year come approximately 1,000 vessels of well over 1,000,000 tons gross. Of these, between 30 and 40 per cent. are freighters which trade regularly from the Continent and round the coasts of Great Britain. Last year 50,000,000 tons of merchandise arrived at London's docks. Contrary to what might be expected, there is no general build-up of traffic through the docks at this time of year, cargoes of Christmas fare coming in throughout the year.

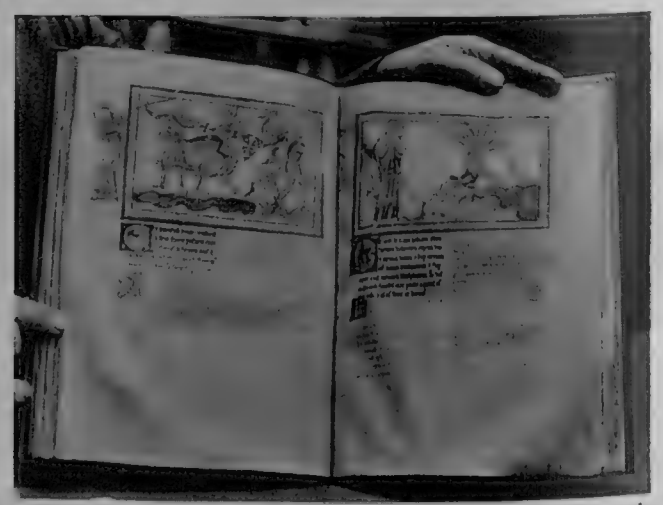
AN IMPORTANT ART DISCOVERY TO BE SEEN BY THE PUBLIC: In front of "Nymphs Sent to Seduce Two Crusaders," by Francesco Guardi, are, from the left, Sir Charles Wheeler, President of the Royal Academy; Mr. Francis Watson (an authority on Guardi), and Sir Kenneth Clark, Chairman of the Arts Council of Great Britain. They are seen examining the canvas at the Royal Academy in London. The painting is one of five by Guardi, the eighteenth-century Venetian master, which were brought to London recently from Dublin, where they were discovered two years ago. All five will be on view in the Royal Academy's Winter Exhibition, which has the theme of Italian Art and Britain, and opens at Burlington House, in London, on January 2. The Guardi paintings are the property of Mr. Geoffrey Merton, an insurance broker.

ART— PAST AND PRESENT

Paintings; a Bust; an Illuminated Manuscript

On left—
A MODERN "GAIETY GIRL": Mr. Chester Williams, the American painter, stands by Miss Jeanette McConnell and the sketch he is drawing for her portrait. Miss McConnell, one of London's leading fashion models, has been described as the "perfect Gaiety Girl." (Sketches by Mr. Williams illustrate an article in the Christmas Number of THE SPHERE, (now on sale.)

THE OXFORD UNION HONOURS THE PRIME MINISTER: The original clay bust of Mr. Macmillan, by Oscar Nemon, is prepared for casting in a London foundry. The bust was commissioned for the Oxford Union Society and was due to be unveiled in the Society's debating hall during the proceedings on Thursday evening of last week (December 3). The unveiling was to be performed by Viscount Monckton—who is an ex-President of the Union. According to the Order Paper, the Rt. Hon. Harold Macmillan, ex-Librarian, was to speak sixth.



ANOTHER RECORD PRICE AT AN ART SALE: The pages are in the superb English illuminated manuscript of the Apocalypse, sold at Sotheby's in London last week for £65,000. This was a world record price for this type of work of art and follows the trend in record prices paid recently for paintings. *On left*—The manuscript is held up while the bidding is in progress during the sale which disposed of the second part of the collection belonging to the late Mr. C. W. Dyson Perrins. The purchaser of the Apocalypse manuscript was Mr. H. P. Kraus, the New York art dealer.

CHANGES IN THE BRITISH CONSUMER MARKET

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

A FRIEND of mine in Italy once mentioned to me that as a monthly-salaried executive he was paid thirteen times a year. This was not, I gathered, a matter of the peculiar paternal benevolence of the Italian employer, nor of any adherence to some lunar calendar; he had simply arranged it that way, as quite a number of Italians do. Some, indeed, had fourteen "monthly" payments, one each for ten months of the year, two in July and two in December. He settled for one-thirteenth of his annual income each month from January to December; and two-thirteenths when he felt he most needed it, at Christmas.

I know of nobody who does this in the United Kingdom; but whenever I look at the seasonal pattern of spending I am surprised somebody hasn't arranged it. For the money spent shopping, in December, is generally 25 to 35 per cent. higher than the average of the other months; and when one thinks of subscriptions, car licences and the like bunched around the turn of the year, some kind of artificial saving of this kind, fitting income to patterns of expenditure rather than earning, might well help many people. There are some kinds of expenditure of which consumers do rather less than usual in December; not many people are anxious to take delivery of their new cars at that time, for example (though it is engine and chassis numbers rather than "the year" that nowadays settle the second-hand value of a vehicle).

But December is the biggest month of the year for most kinds of shop. Food sales rise 15 per cent. or so; sales of durable goods are generally high, though the proportion sold on hire purchase may not be as high (one seldom buys gifts on instalments); sales of clothing and footwear rise 40 to 45 per cent.; and general sales in the department stores, which do better out of the convulsive Christmas frenzy of buying than any other kind of shop, may be as much as 60 per cent. above the average of the other months. Few British retailers have any doubt that Christmas 1959 will see the biggest spending splurge of any in our history.

This article is written in early December, when Mr. Marples' Pink Zone was bringing an unwonted if perhaps only temporary relief to the congestion of London streets; but the big stores, where the volume of business had already begun to mount, were not expecting the restraint on motor traffic to make much difference to the cumulative build-up of buying as the month mounted towards its peak. So far this year retail trade has been about 5 per cent. higher in value than in 1958; with prices if anything a shade down, this is entirely a "real" increase in the amount of business which Britain's shops have been doing.

This year's buying boom has merely quickened an upward trend; among the elements in the British economy, consumer spending was the one that felt the slackening of expansion from 1955 to 1958 least of any. As the Chancellor of the Exchequer said last month, if one reckoned it purely in terms of consumer's disposable income after tax, Britain probably was managing to "keep on trend" towards doubling its standard of living even in the last three to four years. Except in a few kinds of trade, British retailing hardly felt any recession. Nevertheless, the last few years have probably seen bigger changes in the structure and technique of retailing and other kinds of distribution than in any other kind of British business.

These changes have been partly a delayed reaction to the big shifts in the British consumer market. The very considerable growth in general spending power and the particular rises in women's incomes and in the disposable income of young people had already shown themselves shortly after the war. To serve this changing band of richer customers, the distributive trades of this country, until a few years ago, remained, however, largely unchanged themselves. Not until the early '50's did the thaw melt away the last elements of rationing, and the abolition of building licensing (which had been fairly strict against commercial buildings) allow the retail business to begin adapting its facilities to the demands of this free-spending public. Statistics of retail "output" are always a rather difficult set of figures to interpret; but there seems little doubt that only from about 1953 onwards was there any appreciable expansion in distributive activity. Since then it has increased by about 20 per cent.—faster than activity in any other major sector of the economy.

The changes have also reflected sharper competition between the different classes of retail business. More than three-quarters of the 570,000-odd shops in Britain are still independents, though that word may include small chains of shops as well as the little man on the corner. On the average, they still do more than 60 per cent. of the country's shopping turnover. The proportion obviously varies, from just over half the food and grocery trades to nearly 90 per cent. of trade in jewellery, leather and sports goods.

But the multiple shops, and even the relatively sluggish Co-operative retail societies, have been increasing their trade a good deal faster than the independents, and hence gaining a larger share of Britain's growing retail business, during the last few years. The average shop in a multiple chain does four to five times as much trade as the independent shop; its owners can afford to employ higher-paid staff, to bring in work study consultants and experts on display, and to use modern methods to cut costs—such as Boots' cash registers that make continuous sales records for central accounting, and the computers that Lyons and Littlewoods use. Most important of all, perhaps, in this latest period of retail competition, the multiples have had the money to bid for High Street sites, to rebuild, and to invest in modern techniques such as self-service. (High Street, one should emphasise, rather than Oxford Street; multiples generally seek their customers in the suburbs, whereas department stores in the big cities have to depend upon their customers making a shopping expedition.)

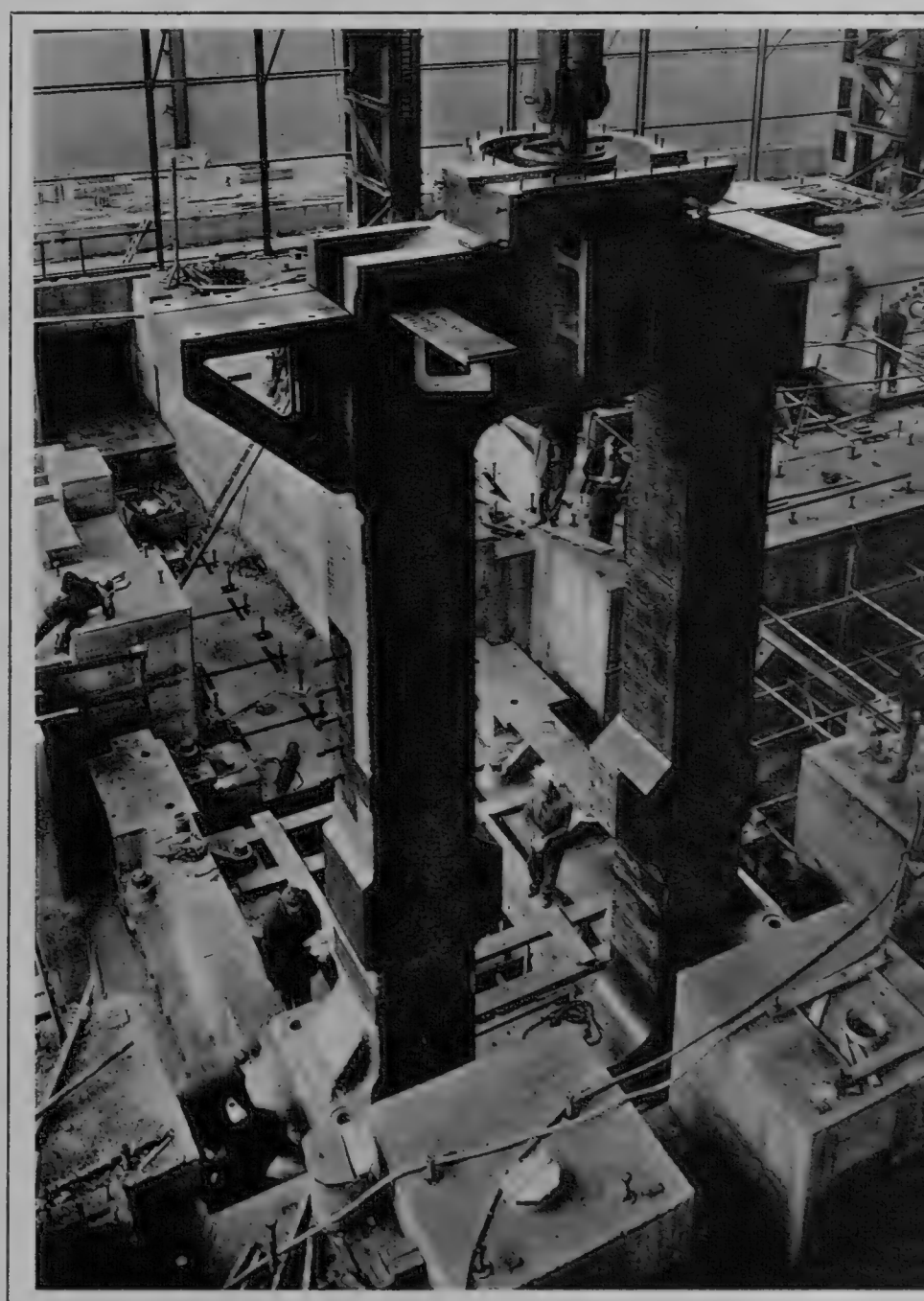
Technically, the most obvious development in retailing during the last few years has been the "explosion" of self-service and the supermarket—both, to a large extent, under the control of existing or freshly-formed multiple organisations. The way in which this has increased speed and efficiency of all the participants in the operation of shopping, including one of its least efficient operators, the housewife, needs little emphasis. Its effect upon the balance between retailer, wholesaler and manufacturer has been no less considerable, if more subtle and less in the public eye. The retailer using self-service can stock a wider range of brands; on the other hand, he wants more freedom than ever to offer reductions on some of them to attract customers into his shop, so that he is less and less prepared to accept a resale price fixed by the manufacturer; he wants pre-packed food, with room to put the price on; and he wants to be informed in advance of the manufacturer's plans for advertising and sales promotion.

The full efficiencies of self-service can probably be gained only in a fairly large-scale operation, so if the independent is to compete with the multiples in this field he may need to put a good deal more capital into his business. In this defensive action, however, he may find allies—wholesalers operating the voluntary chain system, which is a form of defence for themselves, too.

Multiples and even the larger individual supermarkets can achieve their lower unit costs on a higher turnover by taking on themselves many of the functions of the wholesaler, and demanding the rest from the manufacturers' sales departments.

Wholesalers, however, providing they can obtain guarantees from retail customers to deal with them exclusively over a wide range of goods, can achieve a scale of operations quite comparable to a multiple's, can advise and assist their retail customers in shopping methods if not with actual capital, and can bring pressure on manufacturers to produce goods for marketing under their own labels, as some multiples have done for years. This kind of organisation is stronger on the Continent and in the United States than in Britain; but here, too, it is developing quite fast.

If figures of "output" are hard to elucidate in the retail business, those of "productivity per employee" are even harder. Even so, the crudest of measures do suggest that this, too, has been improving in Britain's distributive revolution of the last few years. Alterations in the official figuring of employment blur comparisons somewhat; but the indications are that the rise in distributive employment since 1948, large though it is, does little more than balance the big reduction that had taken place during the rationed war years. Man and woman power in Britain's shops, on this reckoning, may not be much different in numbers from what it was in 1938; but the volume of trade through the shops is probably 25 per cent. higher. Housewives (and manufacturers) may still grumble that there is too much difference between the cost at the factory and the price at the shop; but they are, genuinely, getting more value for that difference these days.



EQUIPPING A NEW STEEL PLANT IN NORTH-EAST ENGLAND

Roll housings, weighing 160 tons, and forming part of a 150-in.-wide hot intermediate plate mill, are being installed in a new steel works at West Hartlepool. The machinery is being supplied and installed by Davy and United Engineering Co. Ltd., of Sheffield, for the South Durham Steel and Iron Co. Ltd. The work is part of a contract for a rolling mill and auxiliary plant worth some £4,000,000. Two of the 150-in.-wide plate mills are being installed at the works, which are high on the priority list of the steel industry's current development programme.

On right—

SUPER-FUELLER FOR CANADA

At Salford Docks the trailer tank of a "Yorkshire" super-fueller for aircraft is being hoisted by crane on board the steamer *Manchester Mariner*, of Manchester Liners Ltd., before shipment to Canada. The vehicle was designed and constructed by Saunders-Roe (Anglesey) Ltd. for Air BP, the aviation service of the British Petroleum Co., Ltd., and is intended for service at Dorval Airport, Montreal. With an all-welded structure, the tank has a capacity of 10,000 gallons. It has a maximum fuel delivery rate of 750 gallons per minute—5 gallons in less than half a second. The "Yorkshire" fueller was designed to cope with the fuelling needs of the latest long-distance jet airliners and it will take its place among Air BP's other vehicles at Dorval Airport. The fuelling facilities at Dorval Airport are presently being extended to supply jet fuel to Trans-Canada Air Lines' new fleet of Douglas DC8 aircraft. These are scheduled to enter into service next year.

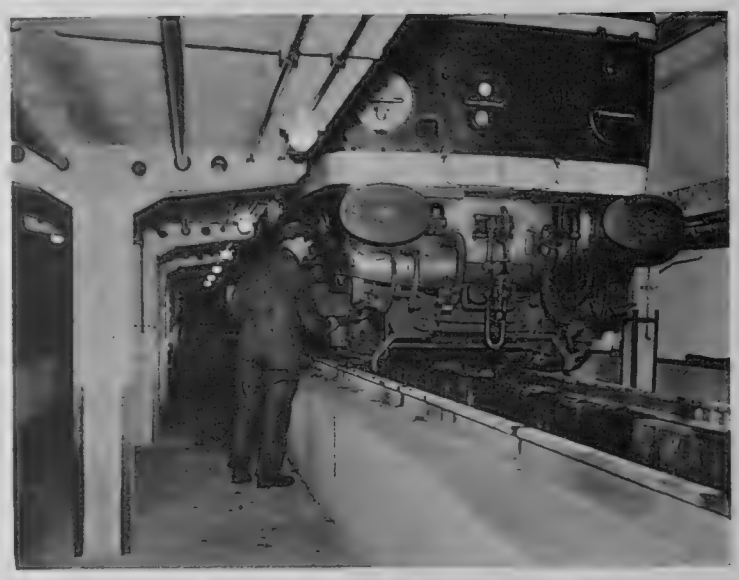
INAUGURATING A NEW REACTOR

A Jason-type nuclear reactor, costing £50,000, has been ordered from the Hawker Siddeley Nuclear Power Company by the Atomic Energy Authority. It will be similar to the reactor recently inaugurated at the Hawker Siddeley works at Langley, Buckinghamshire. In the picture Sir John Cockcroft is seen pressing the button to set the Jason reactor working. Beside him is Mr. B. Emerson, the supervisor of the reactor. Designed for installations at universities, colleges and medical and agricultural research centres, the Jason reactor will be used to supply short-life radio isotopes to hospitals. The reactor, ordered from Hawker Siddeley by the Atomic Energy Authority for research, will be known as "Nestor," and will be installed at the end of 1960 at Winfrid Heath.

On right—

FROM STEAM TO DIESEL

Ipswich Motive Power Depot of the Eastern Region of British Railways has now changed over completely from steam to diesel working. It is the first mainline steam depot to do so. Illustrated is a maintenance engineer at work on a diesel locomotive in an inspection pit at the Ipswich depot. On the left is the base of a high-level service platform. At the change-over, which is part of the British Railways' long-term modernisation plan, 27 diesel-electric locomotives replaced 60 steam engines; ultimately 47 diesels will replace 87 steam in the area. In addition, more than 200 drivers have changed from steam to diesel driving.



MAKING A LARGE ALUMINIUM END: The rollers at the bottom right shape the heated spinning disc. *Right*—A completed spun end is hoisted away.

AN INDUSTRIAL AWARD

Mr. H. G. Nelson (left), since 1956 managing director of the English Electric Co., Ltd., receives the Benjamin Franklin medal from Mr. Oswald P. Milne, Chairman of the Council of the Royal Society of Arts. The presentation ceremony was held last week at the Society's headquarters in John Adam Street, Adelphi, London. Mr. Nelson, who is forty-two years of age, received the award for work in "scientific industrial development." After two years of practical experience in England, France and Switzerland, he joined the English Electric Company in 1939 and became a director only four years later. Mr. Nelson has served on several national industrial councils and committees.

On left—

SPUN ALUMINIUM ENDS

From their Greenwich metalworks G. A. Harvey and Co. (London) Ltd. have recently delivered what are believed to be the largest spun aluminium ends produced in this country. Forming part of pressure vessels to contain liquid air, the ends were ordered by A.P.V. Ltd., of Crawley, Sussex, aluminium plant manufacturers, who are making the vessels. In the production of each end two semi-circular aluminium alloy plates, from the British Aluminium Co., Ltd., were first butt welded together to form a flat disc 12 ft. in diameter. To make the aluminium more ductile the disc was heated. Afterwards it was placed in a Rotar-press, where pressure was applied to the extremity of the disc as it was spinning round. The pressure bent the aluminium into the required dish shape. Each completed end, weighing over a ton, has an inside diameter of 10 ft. and the metal is $1\frac{1}{8}$-in. thick. G. A. Harvey and Co. (London) Ltd., have spun ends of mild steel up to 18 ft. in diameter.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

A GERMAN WATER PURIFICATION PLANT

Being erected on the banks of the River Elbe near Hamburg is a filter plant, which has the appearance of three giant eggs. These are 85 ft. high, 75 ft. in diameter, and each has a capacity of over 280,000 cub. ft. The plant houses filter systems which are designed for the purification of industrial waste water from Hamburg factories which is pumped into the Elbe. It will deal with over a million cub. ft. of water flowing from industrial and other sources every day. After the purification process, the remaining sludge is pumped into heated, clarifying basins, and, after processing, sold as valuable manure. A Hamburg city ordinance forbids bathing in the Elbe because of contamination. There are hopes that if the filter system works according to expectations, the river may become safe for bathing again and the ban lifted. It is estimated that the plant will cost about £3,000,000.

A CROSS-COUNTRY BELT-CONVEYOR FOR LIMESTONE

Only part of what is claimed to be the longest permanent cross-country transport belt-conveyor can be seen in the picture. It was built at Ada, in the American State of Oklahoma, and is 5½ miles long. Protected by a wind guard, which is constructed out of corrugated aluminium, the conveyor is used to transport limestone from a quarry at Lawrence, in the same State, to a newly erected cement plant. It is capable of carrying up to 1,000 tons of stone per hour.

VENTILATION DUCTING FOR BRITISH MINES

At Parsonage Colliery, Leigh, in Lancashire, the National Coal Board has installed a quantity of new ventilation ducting, made from Imperial Chemical Industries' "Terylene" fibre. The colliery is one of the deepest mines in the country. Ventilation ducting has an important role in the running of mines and for some time now various materials have been used in Britain for ducting, including p.v.c.-coated jute, rayon and cotton fabrics. Recently, the N.C.B. placed a bulk order for more than 30 miles of p.v.c.-coated "Terylene" ducting, which varies in diameter from 12 to 24 ins. Made up by Robert Watson and Co. Ltd., Newburgh, Fife, from a specially woven twistless "Terylene" base fabric produced by C. A. Newsholme and Co. Ltd., Keighley, Yorkshire, the ducting is about three times lighter than that formerly used. It is fire-resistant in accordance with N.C.B. standards and has a high resistance to rot.

MR. KHRUSHCHEV IN HUNGARY

The Russian Prime Minister at the Hungarian Communist Party Congress

Hungarian Communists gathered in Budapest last week for the Seventh Congress of their Socialist Workers' Party. Domestically and internationally it was an occasion of importance. It was the first time the Hungarian Communists had held a congress since the Uprisings of 1956. The meetings took place a few days before the United Nations Assembly debate on Hungary. Delegates had voted for this as result of the Munro Report, which alleged that the Kadar regime is continuing a policy of repression of the Hungarian people.

Various points emerged from the deliberations in Budapest. The Hungarian Communists' Secretary-General announced that Soviet troops would remain in Hungary. This statement disposed of hopes, which were widely held, that the Congress might be the occasion for an announcement that the Red Army was to leave the country. Mr. Kadar declared that the troops were being retained because "international questions remained unsettled."

On the following day came a speech from the leader of the Fraternal Delegation from the Soviet Communist Party, Mr. Khrushchev. The Russian Premier accused the United Nations of raising a "provocative question" in determining to debate the internal state of Hungary. In a typical survey of Hungarian history he alleged that the only alternative to the Kadar regime would be the "re-imposition of the Horthy system." Mr. Nagy, apparently, had never existed. Mr. Khrushchev devoted some of his remarks to the subject of the Summit. He denied reports that he was holding back in negotiations for the conference.

To many in the West the implications of the Budapest congress were far from comforting. The proceedings indicated Mr. Khrushchev is fully aware that he has many moves he can make before any agreement can be reached on whether, when and where a Summit should be summoned.

NO RESPITE: At the rostrum in Budapest, Mr. Kadar, the Secretary-General of the Hungarian Communist Party, addresses the first Party Congress to be held since the Uprisings of 1956. He announced, in the presence of Mr. Khrushchev, that Soviet troops would remain in Hungary. *On right*—A close-up picture of Mr. Kadar during his speech.

On left—

COMMUNIST SOLIDARITY: Applauding at the Hungarian Communist Congress are, from left: Mr. Kiss; Herr Ulbricht, the East German leader; Mr. L. Teher (background); Mr. Marosan, Hungarian Minister of State; Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Kadar.

MASTER AND SERVANTS: *Left*—Mr. Khrushchev is flanked in Budapest by Mr. Marosan and Mr. Kadar. *Right*—During an interval in the Party Congress the Soviet Prime Minister relaxes with Dr. Münnich (left), the Hungarian Prime Minister; Herr Ulbricht (helping himself to fruit) and Mr. Kadar (to left of Mr. Khrushchev). The Congress provided an occasion for the Kremlin to make it clear that the present Hungarian Communist regime, like other Satellite Governments, is dependent on Russian military support.

THE PRESENTATION OF THE ROSE: In the centre of the stage at the Royal Opera House, in London, Octavian (Sena Jurinac) presents the rose to Sophie (Hanny Steffek) in the second act of *Der Rosenkavalier*. Sung in German, this opera of charm and light comedy, by Richard Strauss, came into the programme at Covent Garden on December 4. The last two performances are next week.

THE BOORISH BARON: Ochs is sung by Kurt Boehme, who is also famous for his portrayal of Wagnerian roles.

LOVERS WHO EVENTUALLY PART: The Marschallin (Elisabeth Schwarzkopf) is in the opening of *Der Rosenkavalier* with the young Octavian, whose love she will soon renounce.

"DER ROSENKAVALIER" AT COVENT GARDEN

Schwarzkopf in Strauss's Opera, in London

Several world-famous singers have returned to the Royal Opera House during the current season. Among them is Elisabeth Schwarzkopf. After a far-too-long absence of six years, she gives the Marschallin in *Der Rosenkavalier*, the last performances of which are on Monday and Thursday of next week (December 14 and 17). Supporting her in the opera, which is sung in German, are Sena Jurinac as Octavian, one of her most famous roles; Hanny Steffek, of the Munich State Opera, as Sophie; and Kurt Boehme as Baron Ochs. The conductor is Georg Solti, Musical Director of the Frankfurt Opera, who is making his debut at Covent Garden.

Der Rosenkavalier has a curious history. Originally Richard Strauss set out to write it as a short work. But as its composition proceeded, he found himself increasingly expanding it. In its completed version it is one of the longest of operas. (The same thing happened with another great German composer and another great German comic opera — Wagner and *Die Meistersinger*).

Nevertheless, "The Knight of the Rose" is never in danger of becoming boring. There is plenty of humour, especially when Octavian tricks the boorish Baron Ochs; there are the famous waltzes; and the fine music reaches its climax of charm with the final trio when the Marschallin renounces her lover to the younger Sophie.

The current production of the opera at the Royal Opera House is not only distinguished for its fine cast. It is also enhanced by the quality of its production by Mr. Hans Busch. After the first night last week, critics varied in their choice of the best performer, but all were agreed on the excellence of the work of the producer.

On left—

MORNING RECEPTION: The Marschallin, in centre stage, holds her levee. Baron Ochs sits at left. In *Der Rosenkavalier* Elisabeth Schwarzkopf returns to Covent Garden after absence of six years.

The World of Books

AN INEXHAUSTIBLE TREASURY

Gilbert Harding's Anthology; The History of Scotch Whisky; In Australia and the Isles of Greece; Battles of the Last War; Some American Fiction and Other Novels and Short Stories

ON a lowering, foggy morning with most of the winter still ahead what better reading than the anthology which Mr. Gilbert Harding has made and which he has called, simply and irresistibly, A BOOK OF HAPPINESS (Michael Joseph. 21s.) ? Though most of its contents are poetry, the collector has found room and aptly-chosen places for an essay of Addison's, a passage from Bertrand Russell's *The Conquest of Happiness* and an admirable quotation from Ruskin.

Mr. Harding makes no extravagant claims for his anthology, indeed his introduction is a model of modesty, as when he sums up the book's purpose as being a kind of treasury on which you can often draw without fear of overdraft and perhaps with a little happiness from time to time. I know that in my own case it will be a treasury impossible to exhaust.

SCOTCH MADE EASY (Hutchinson. 25s.) is Mr. Ross Wilson's first book and it is devoted to a scholarly enquiry into the origins of that noble brew, Scotch whisky. Mr. Wilson has gone back surprisingly far in his researches and even refers to the practices of ancient Greeks and equally ancient Mexicans, but the body of his work is concerned with times nearer our own and with the emergence—and enjoyment—of *uisge beatha*, the whisky of the North, more or less as we know it to-day. His book, not unlike its subject, is a little overwhelming if taken in too copious draughts, but approached with caution and from time to time it is both entertaining and rewarding.

Miss Jeanne Heal is a lively and effective commentator and *commère* with much radio and television experience so it is to be expected that a book of hers, based on a mildly exploratory visit to present-day Australia should reflect some of the aseptic brightness of her spoken style. A THOUSAND AND ONE AUSTRALIANS (Michael Joseph. 18s.) does just that. In fact, I imagine that it is a book which would gain from being read aloud. Miss Heal flew into Australia from the North, paused at Darwin and visited the pearl-fishing town of Broome against friendly advice. She flew up and down and across the vast continent, inquiring into city ways and "outback" days, and making friends with the greatest ease and speed. One thing Miss Heal does very well indeed, and I am sure she does it with affectionate conviction, and that is to draw a kind of composite portrait of the Australian, as he looks, as he works and plans and, a little, as he sounds. A good-tempered, vivacious book and not at all a bad introduction to a wonderful people.

The travelling, the exotic setting, the discovery of new friends and the problems of a new form of domestic life are very different in Miss Charmian Clift's PEEL ME A LOTUS (Hutchinson. 18s.) but, for the reader at least, they are just as entertaining and on occasion very funny indeed. Miss Clift has written about life on a small Greek island as she, her husband, her two small children and her island-born baby have found it and she has been able to give a picture of that life in all its beauty and quite extravagant discomfort that could scarcely be bettered. She has preferred a life as removed from suburban influences as it is possible to get. For this and for the freedom which not even uncertain finances can wholly threaten, she has been content to live on other islands and to be, if I have read her book correctly, triumphantly happy.

The two war books which follow seem to come from another world and so, in one sense, they do, although each of them, incredibly enough, has its moments of beauty, as it relates to sky and earth, mountain or plain. THE DESERT AND THE JUNGLE (William Kimber. 25s.) is Lieut.-General Sir Geoffrey Evans' own story of the five great battles in which he took part. The battles were fought in the early days of the campaign in the Western Desert, in Eritrea and in Burma. First, the opening round in the battle of Sidi Barrani, then the grim battle for the mountain gateway of Keren, then the battle of the Omars, next a battle against superior Japanese forces in the Arakan jungle and finally the crossing of the Irrawaddy by the 7th Indian Division under General Evans' command. There are maps, diagrams, plans and wonderfully revealing photographs and, above all, there is the author's workmanlike, unornamented prose.

TARANTO (William Kimber. 25s.) was a battle which not only changed the course of the war and laid part of the foundation for victory in the North African campaign, but which marked a new era in the history of the Royal Navy. For it was at Taranto that the Navy launched an entirely airborne attack and struck successfully at the enemy with twenty comparatively slow-flying aircraft from an aircraft-carrier lying some 170 miles away from the base which was their objective. Mr. Don Newton and Mr. A. Cecil Hampshire have told the story with a blend of factual detachment and spirited description. The photographs are magnificent.

There is a certain lordly dismissal of other—and tacitly lesser—forms of activity in the dictum of the nineteenth-century sporting writer, Nimrod: "I should conceive that the Revolution of the French Empire could not have been more complete than that of foxhunting." And so, to foxhunters in the forty years after Waterloo, it may have seemed. Mr. E. W. Bovill writes about this limited but happy expression of the Golden Age in a book both elegant and informative, THE ENGLAND OF NIMROD AND SURTEES (Oxford University Press. 25s.).

A LITERARY PRIZE FOR A NOVELIST: At the Savoy Hotel, in London, from left, are Sir Eric Harrison, the High Commissioner for Australia; the Hon. David Smith, Chairman of W. H. Smith and Son Ltd.; and Sir John Wolfenden. Behind them is a portrait of Patrick White, the Australian novelist, who was awarded the W. H. Smith and Son £1,000 annual literary award for his novel *Voss*. Sir Eric received the award on behalf of Mr. White, who was prevented by bad health from coming from Australia. It is the first time that the award, for the outstanding contribution to English literature during the year, has been made.

The unending and evergreen field for speculation, comment, theory and judgment is Shakespeare. His great plays, his great poetry are perpetually under the microscope of pure and disinterested scholarship in the hope that examination may reap some Pool-size literary fortune out of the new interpretation of an old folio. Meanwhile, of course, there are those who may yet be appreciated by Shakespeare's living shade: the people who are constantly engaged in staging his work, in listening to it or reading it for the uncomplicated joy which it brings them. In the category of thoughtful and disinterested scholars comes Professor L. C. Knights with SOME SHAKESPEAREAN THEMES (Chatto and Windus. 18s.) and, although this is primarily a book for those with a solely intellectual approach, it is also one which could enhance the enjoyment of a more spontaneous lover of Shakespeare's legacy.

Mr. Robert Penn Warren is the author of the first of this week's list of novels and, with THE CAVE (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.), he maintains his standing as one of America's most significant and uncheering writers. Here is a variation on a familiar theme: a short period during which a young man is in mortal danger (in this case he has disappeared during an exploration down a mountain cave in his native Tennessee) and the efforts of a community are being devoted to his rescue. The publicity is nation-wide and fairly hysterical. The effect of the drama, helped by the largely artificial drumming up of tension, is to cause each of the people concerned in the search to come to some sort of terms with themselves. Showy, emotional and highly dramatic.

THIS FIERY NIGHT (Secker and Warburg. 18s.) earns those epithets, too, although it is written with less professional mastery. Miss Joan Vatsek, a younger American novelist, has chosen 1950 and the last days of the Anglo-Egyptian regime as we have known it in our lifetimes for the period of her most effective novel of Cairo. The climax of her book is that horrific night on which the city was irredeemably changed and an hysterical mob under cool leadership wrote *finis* to the end of an epoch. This is history through a novelist's eyes and pen, told with considerable natural force.

There are ranks and titles in the German bureaucracy which take uneasily to translation and, resisting it, are even a target for the facetious. I remember, for instance, the fatal, opening phrase of an earnest German delegate to a pre-war conference. "I am only a Pomeranian," he began and probably never understood why the rest of his speech lacked the impact he had hoped for it. Similarly, Mr. Willi Heinrich's new novel, MARK OF SHAME (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 16s.), translated by Sigrid Rock, starts with the serious presumption that a caller at a post-war Nuremberg office should refuse to leave until the Landrat had seen him. More seriously, and dismissing echoes of *The Wind in the Willows*, Mr. Heinrich's book deals with a contemporary West German community and its problems and has a quality of genuine feeling and sharp observation.

THE ADVERSARY (Cassell. 18s.) is a story, told by Miss Jean Morris in the most dramatic and indeed gripping terms, of a conflict between the naked forces of good and evil. The setting is a Spanish colony in the South America of the eighteenth century when Inca influences were still not entirely lost, and I recommend it to you, if not for its comforting message then at least for the power of its writing.

AMERICAN EARTH (Heinemann. 15s.) is the first book which Mr. Erskine Caldwell ever wrote and it contains a collection of twenty-four short stories which show this distinguished and immensely successful American author at the opening of his career when, as he explains himself, he had put himself to the task of becoming a published writer within ten years and, for the first seven years of that time, had found not a single co-operative editor. When his luck changed with the acceptance of one story he destroyed all the others and started again. Literary history shows what an excellent idea this move was. The Far South and the North of New England provide the backgrounds and the characters for these tales and, brief as each one is, they are immensely telling.

The same, I am afraid, cannot be said for the stories, sketches and poems in Mr. Nigel Tangye's little volume, THE HOUSE ON THE SEINE (Eric Hale. 12s. 6d.). These occasionally show glimpses of a real, an almost poetic perception and they have that quality of youth which must always be peculiarly touching, whatever the subject or the style. In the main, though, these make a rather scrappy collection with the notable exception of the little title story.

Vernon Fane.

THE CHURCHILL STORY

A Pictorial History of His Life

It was John Lothrop Motley, author of *The Rise and Fall of the Dutch Republic*, who wrote of William the Silent that "while he lived he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation." Few will deny that Motley was right. It is only natural to wonder, when England's grand old man, her guiding star in 1939-45, has reached his eighty-fifth birthday, how Churchill measures up to the stature of William the Silent, or to Abraham Lincoln, who bore all the burden of that most grievous of all things a civil war, to Chatham, to Pitt the Younger, Thomas Jefferson, Simon Bolivar, or a host of others. We may not know the answer to that question (as some brash columnist has said he knows it, proclaiming Churchill as the greatest man in the last 500 years), but we can at least be cognisant of his mighty record, conscious of his good heart, and certain of his true humility; and therein lies perhaps the key.

While the verdict of history must be awaited until the moment when Churchill is seen in a fair perspective, there is meanwhile a great deal of pleasure and profit to be derived from a new pictorial history of the man. CHURCHILL: THE WALK WITH DESTINY (Hutchinson. 45s.), compiled by H. Tatlock Miller and Loudon Sainthill, containing over 250 photographs in colour and half-tone, sketches his career from his Victorian youth to the dignity and honour of his old age under Queen Elizabeth II. The immensity of Churchill's span of active work is the most emphatic impression in these pages. We see him rapturously received at Durban after escaping from the Boers at the turn of the century, as Home Secretary marching to Parliament on Budget Day in 1910 with Chancellor David Lloyd George; we see him dominant in one World War and the symbol of Britain and the Free World in the Second World War; and we see him finally in rosy old age taking a measure of delight in his fame, but much more in his family and his friends and a vast circle of affection. This is a book to buy, to keep and to cherish.

THE CONNOISSEUR YEAR BOOK 1960 (National Magazine Co. 30s.) makes its appearance early in November, several weeks before Christmas, so that those planning to give it to friends can enjoy it quietly before the moment comes to part. As ever, the variety of subjects is wide within the limits of connoisseurship. Alice Wilson Frothingham's article on "Portraits of the Count of Aranda in Alcora Ceramics" is doubly interesting because of its presentation of Aranda (the Aragonese mule) at the court of Louis XV against the historic background of the times alongside the description of the ceramic productions which his name and fame evoked. Helen Comstock writes on Stratford Hall, the birthplace of Robert E. Lee, while Alec Clifton-Taylor sets us thinking about our own particular favourites in his contribution, "English Church Spires." Most readers will agree that 1960 looks like being a vintage year for *The Connoisseur Year Book*.

The Alpha Books of the Phaidon Press are outstanding in their field. Three titles announced simultaneously are DERAIN, by Denys Sutton; G. BRAQUE, by John Russell, and HIERONYMUS BOSCH, by Carl Linfert. All three are published by Phaidon Press at

COURT THEATRE

Another new book on aspects of the Monarchy, and (take my word for it) there are more on the stocks! In Mr. E. S. Turner's THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S (Michael Joseph. 21s.) the title is misleading and even the blurb does not very completely summarise the contents. But the sub-acid approach is often to be preferred to the flatulently adulative.

It is not a history of England's sovereigns, even for little Arthur, although we have something about all our sovereigns in turn; but eccentricities upset the balance, and the picturesque is preferred to the essential in describing how the Court lived and moved and worked. We learn which kings were homosexuals; and naturally the Court of Charles II provides a big share of the picturesque. Some of the chapter headings give a key to the nature of the contents: "Stately Bosoms," "Beautiful Earls," "Dung and Diamonds," "Don't Throw the Jelly," "Novelist Answers the Bell," "Socialists in Breeches." Historical facts of minor importance are sometimes distorted: e.g., "It was some time before the new King (George V) could be broken of his attachment to York Cottage." That time was decided by the length of the widowhood of Queen Alexandra, to whom Sandringham House had been left for life. The King so loved Sandringham that the cottage was better than nothing. A lively, readable book with some interesting illustrations . . . but not a textbook for serious students on the life of the Court through the centuries.

ARCHBISHOP GARBETT

The biography of a great prelate can be as lively as any other, if not overloaded with dead religious controversy and if the influence he shed in his family and private life is given a balanced proportion. Dr. Prestige's *Bishop Gore* was so overloaded and so deficient. Canon Smyth's CYRIL FORSTER GARBETT, ARCHBISHOP OF YORK (Hodder and Stoughton. 35s.) is commendably free from religious controversy. The fact that the Archbishop was a bachelor and that humility was his greatest virtue perhaps make this fine biography rather sombre.

He made no promising start, in scholarship or vocation, at Portsmouth Grammar School or at Keble, save as a speaker in school debates and the Oxford Union. He was often ill and worried over his health, and he suffered frequent fits of depression. At Cuddesdon he was aloof. As a curate and vicar of Portsea, he found himself fully. He believed his best work was done in Southwark; he was happiest at Winchester (he had refused two other Sees), and at York he came to the full maturity of his great powers in extreme old age.

He was a curious blend of traditionalist and reformer, and caution usually won the day. But his courage stood out in all the causes he embraced and he made in the Upper House speeches which held the whole Chamber. His great books, written late in life, had a wide appeal and sale. He never showed assertiveness or confidence, but his more masterful colleagues fully recognised his worth. He was the antithesis of Archbishop Lang.

The range of his interests was immense; as pastor, bishop and statesman, he neglected no duty to uphold the Church of England's great traditions with strength, simplicity, humility and sometimes severity. The daily life of the curates at Portsea in his time proves his contention that the Church is still the greatest of all schools of character; and of that truth Dr. Garbett's life is an exemplar.

John Gore

CORRECTION

On page 26 of the Christmas Number of THE SPHERE, the producer of a B.B.C. Television Puppet Theatre production of *The Emperor's New Clothes* is given as Gordon Bennett; the producer in the picture is, in fact, Mr. Gordon Murray. We apologise for any inconvenience which Mr. Murray may have suffered.

18s. 6d., with many illustrations in half-tone and about a score in full colour in each volume. The volume on André Derain is particularly welcome, for this so-called odd man out of the *avant garde* needs a great deal of understanding in respect of his art, his personality and his life, caught up as he was by his own indiscretion in visiting Germany at a time when his native France was occupied. Denys Sutton has produced a most worthwhile book from every point of view.

Another book of special interest is Frank Slater's A COMPLETE GUIDE TO OIL PAINTING (Seeley, Service. 21s.). This is really a do-it-yourself volume for all who have a desire to achieve the satisfaction of painting their own pictures. It can be quite certain that Mr. Slater will set hundreds more men and women on the road, if not to fame and fortune, at least to a good deal of personal pleasure.

PORTRAITS OF WILD FLOWERS (Faber and Faber. 35s.) is an enchanting volume containing 40 plates after water-colours by Elsa Felsko. Professor C. D. Darlington, Sherardian Professor of Botany at Oxford, writes the preface and the notes are edited by Hermia Clokie. The book is marked by a very high standard of production.

Markus-Elizer Bloch presents an illustrated album of surpassing elegance entitled FISHES (Ariel Press. 42s.). The whole scale of the album is generous with every illustration suited to framing from the bold, flamboyant blue parrot fish to the infinitely delicate blues of the Bossu or Kurtus Indians, those strangely-built inhabitants of Far Eastern waters. Superb in their physical perfection, these creatures seem almost to glide through these glowing pages.

R. C. E.

A RARE THEATRICAL EXCITEMENT: In a scene from the new production of Ibsen's *Rosmersholm*, at the Royal Court Theatre, in London, John Rosmer (Eric Porter) leans across the table to grasp the arm of Kroll (Mark Dignam). Watching them is Rebecca West (Peggy Ashcroft). Alive with a kind of dark brilliance, the tragedy is a product of Ibsen's middle period. Set in the ancestral home of the Rosmers, where the children never cried and the adults never laughed, it tells obliquely of the fall of Rebecca and John Rosmer. It is a story on two levels. There is the conflict between the unscrupulous conservatism of Kroll and the weak, but passionate, radicalism of John Rosmer. But beneath this, hidden like a cancer, is the tragedy of Rebecca West, who destroyed John Rosmer's wife, only to destroy herself and John Rosmer. Peggy Ashcroft's acting was hailed as one of the finest achievements of the post-war stage. After its run at the Royal Court, the play will be transferred to the Comedy Theatre, from January 5.

A NEW COMEDY IN LONDON: In a scene from *The Amorous Prawn*, which opened at the Saville Theatre last Wednesday, are Evelyn Laye and Stanley Baxter. The author of the play is Anthony Kimmins, who wrote the pre-war success *While Parents Sleep*. It is the story of a General's wife, who takes in paying guests, while her husband is away, to help pay for the house of her dreams. Two days before the opening night, Evelyn Laye celebrated the anniversary of her silver wedding to Frank Lawton. Others in the cast include Walter Fitzgerald, Ernest Clark, Jean Aubrey, Harry Landis, Derek Nimmo, Michael Segal and Lucy Young.

"THE AMOROUS PRAWN": From left to right are Stanley Baxter, Derek Nimmo and Lucy Young. Stanley Baxter is one of Scotland's best-known comedians.

NEW PLAYS IN LONDON

On right—

AN AUSTRALIAN TEA PARTY: In a scene from Act One of *Kookaburra*, running at the Princes Theatre, in London, the ladies of a district in Queensland gather to drink tea. In the centre standing up is Emmie Dalziel, played by Maggie Fitzgibbon, and on her right is Stella Grant, played by Julia Shelley. The play with music takes its name from the Australian laughing jackass. Set in the period of the long drought in Queensland in 1913, it tells of a young English woman, Stella, who marries a farmer and settles down to the hardships of Australian life. Her husband, George Grant, is played by Gordon Boyd. One of the successes of the evening is Maggie Fitzgibbon, as the Australian girl, who would like to be the farmer's wife. The producer is John Forbes-Sempill.

SIX LANES A "MUST"

Arguments Against a Threat to Future Highways; More Than 1,000 Miles in the Austin Seven; A New Kind of Engine; Maximum Safety Speeds from a Royal Society; A Sports Car from "Conversion" Specialists

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

I HOPE Mr. John Hay, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport, was misreported the other day when speaking in the House of Commons. He is said to have given more than a hint that future motorways in Britain may be limited to only two lanes on either side to save "precious farmland." What a disastrous outlook this is. In saying that Britain cannot afford the land to build proper six-lane motor roads after the pattern of the London-Birmingham prototype, Mr. Hay has assumed the mentality of the so-called statesmen who, by their neglect and shortsightedness, have landed the country into its present appalling mess as far as roads are concerned. If the Government of the day had had the sense, years ago, to implement the policy that had been worked out for the construction of an 800-mile network of motor roads, Britain's traffic would be flowing much more freely, the accident rate would be lower—and we should not be faced with the prospect of having to build this same motor road system at double or treble the cost.

It is surely obvious that, if Britain is to retain her present position as a leading industrial nation, we must have modern roads. A twin-track road with only two lanes each side is *not* a modern road. It is inadequate for to-day's traffic, let alone for that of to-morrow. And let us not forget the official estimate which speaks of a doubling, by 1966, of Britain's present vehicle population of some 8,000,000 vehicles.

To my mind, no new main road should be built in Britain, as from now, which does not have six traffic lanes. Anything with less is a waste of money. To anyone who challenges this forthright advocacy of the six-lane highway, I say: take a run up M 1 and see for yourself how necessary the three lanes on each side are in coping with high-density traffic of widely-varying speeds. The third lane makes all the difference. It keeps the traffic moving and smooths out many of the frustrations which find such disastrous reflection in the road casualty figures. So I say again, I hope Mr. Hay was misquoted or was merely voicing his own personal opinions (though, if he were, I do not think he is the right sort of man to be helping Mr. Ernest Marples). The new Minister of Transport should take an early opportunity of making his own position clear about the size of our future motorways.

I have now driven more than 1,000 miles in one of the new Austin Sevens and I want to record that I am still very much in love with this amazing little car. I find myself using it, in preference to my bigger car, for even long journeys. Apart from anything else, I enjoy driving it, especially in traffic, where it enjoys considerable advantages over bigger vehicles. I like the positive steering, the brisk urge of its willing little engine and the way the independent suspension irons out road roughness in spite of those silly little 10-in. wheels. I like the driving position; the comfort of the seats (apart from the fact that I am inclined to hit rock bottom when the car really bounces); the draught-free characteristics of the space-saving sliding windows; and the wealth of space for maps, gloves, torches, books, and the like.

I am not claiming the car to be faultless. The gear-changing is still a bit stiff, with double de-clutching an advantage. It is still easy to push the gear-lever too far to the right when changing-up from second to third. I don't like the flimsy wire controls for the door locks because I think they allow the doors to be opened accidentally and dangerously by unsuspecting passengers—adults as well as children. Rain water comes in, somehow, to saturate the front carpets, though I imagine the garage will soon put this right when I find time to take the car back. There is a silly little horn which I also hope to do something about before long. I have bought for less than ten shillings a device which very beneficially extends the length of the gear-lever by about 3 ins., and I am going to have an anti-mist panel attached to the inside of the back window, which seems to suffer rather badly from this particular complaint. I find it difficult to top up the battery, tucked away rather inaccessibly in the boot.

Otherwise, no complaints. It 's a fine little car, with fuel economy as one of its strong points. I have kept a careful check for several hundreds of miles and my petrol mileage has worked out at 42·3 to the gallon. And I drive the car hard, except when I or my wife are using it in petrol-wasting traffic. At an all-in price of less than £500 on the home market in its basic form, the ADO15 is a car with which the British Motor Corporation is certain to have spectacular success.

I don't profess to know much about it yet, but I must place on record the existence of an engine of revolutionary design which could have an important impact, later on, on motoring in all its forms. It has been announced by the German N.S.U. company, who say they are ready to go into production with it. The great Curtiss-Wright corporation have acquired manufacturing rights in the U.S. and the fact that two firms of such engineering eminence are identified with the project means it is something Britain cannot afford to ignore. It seems there are only two moving parts: vanes which rotate at different speeds in a box-shaped chamber to compress and exhaust a petroil mixture before and after combustion in a non-stop cycle. It all sounds very simple and ingenious and I await with interest fuller technical details. N.S.U. are said to be working on a range of these units to cover the needs of cars, motor-cycles and scooters. They are very light, and it is stated that a 125-c.c. unit developing 29 b.h.p. weighs less than 20 lb.

According to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents it is unsafe to drive faster than 50 m.p.h. at night, even under ideal conditions with headlamps fully on. Under adverse conditions, say Rospa, the maximum safe speed is 40. With dipped headlamps drivers (according to Rospa) should keep below 38 m.p.h. in ideal conditions and not go faster than 32 in bad weather. Rospa based these conclusions on tests designed to show how long it takes to pull up after the driver has noticed a black object—e.g., a pedestrian in a dark overcoat—on the road ahead. I can only surmise that the tests were carried out with headlamps of less than average efficiency. Lucas, for instance, say that in good road conditions their standard light units are good for speeds of 60 to 65 m.p.h. in perfect safety on main beam. Still, at this time of year the Rospa appeal was a useful reminder of the dangers of careless pedestrians, wandering animals or unlighted vehicles on a dark night.

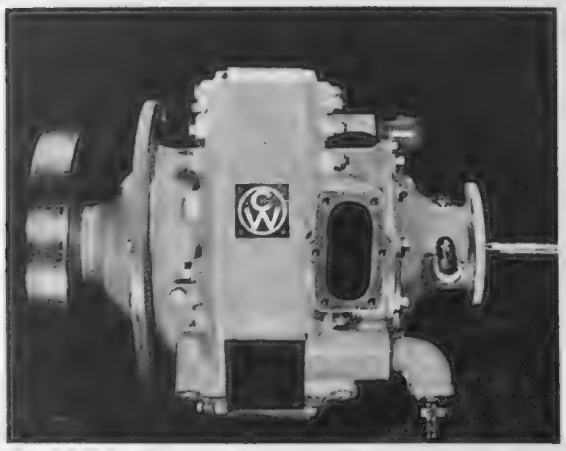
A pretty little sports two-seater has just been announced by Mr. Michael Christie, the "Alexander" conversion specialist of Haddenham, Bucks, and Mr. Jack Turner, who has been doing very well with the little car bearing his name in sports-car racing. They have got together to produce and market the Alexander Turner, a plastic-bodied two-seater powered by an Alexander-converted B.M.C. "A"-series engine of 948 c.c. and selling for £895, including tax, or for £595 in kit form. The engine—basically similar to that used in the Healey Sprite, Austin A.40 and Morris Minor—has twin carburetters, a light alloy head and a compression ratio of 9·4 to one. A power output of 80 b.h.p. is claimed. This engine was used in the A.40 in which Geoff Williamson won three international races this year and captured the Brand's Hatch lap record. An Alexander-converted Turner sports car driven by Bob Gerard won the 1959 Autosport championship. I am assured that deliveries of the new car will begin before the New Year.

THE ALEXANDER TURNER: The new sports two-seater has a plastic body and is powered by an engine which is similar to that of the Austin-Healey Sprite, the Austin A.40, and the Morris Minor. The power output of the engine, which has a capacity of 948 c.c., is stated to be 80 b.h.p. The sports car costs £895, including tax, or £595 in kit form.

Alexander Engineering have also announced a new conversion for the single-carburetter Triumph Herald. The conversion costs either £62 or £65—according to what the customer wants done—and the higher figure enables the Herald to accelerate from zero to 70 m.p.h. in 27 seconds. A £47 10s. conversion for the Simca Flash or Flash Special engines gives the Simca Montlhèry a top speed of 95 m.p.h. Mike Christie also offers conversions for the Swedish Volvo and the Hillman Minx.

He has also perfected a knock-on wheel mounting of great ingenuity which offers a big saving of time and effort in wheel-changing—a point of special interest to rally drivers. When removing or replacing the wheel, all the wheel nuts are turned simultaneously by knocking round a three-eared sports-car hub-nut with a fibre-headed mallet provided for the purpose. The three-eared nut is connected to the wheel-retaining nuts by a simple set of gears, each of which "free-wheels" as soon as the nut it controls has been adequately tightened. Mike Christie claims that with this device a wheel can be taken off and put back, in the dark, in under two minutes. A set of four mountings, with mallet, costs 19 gns.

The business of booking space for your car on the railway shipping routes across the English Channel has been greatly simplified by the opening at Victoria of a fine new Continental Car Ferry Centre. You can ring up on any week-day between the hours of 7.30 a.m. and 9 p.m. (9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Sundays) and make an immediate reservation on any of the rail shipping routes or on the car sleeper trains to Boulogne and Ostend. The centre has been opened jointly by British, French and Belgian Railways, the A.A. and R.A.C. It expects to handle 200,000 bookings next year.



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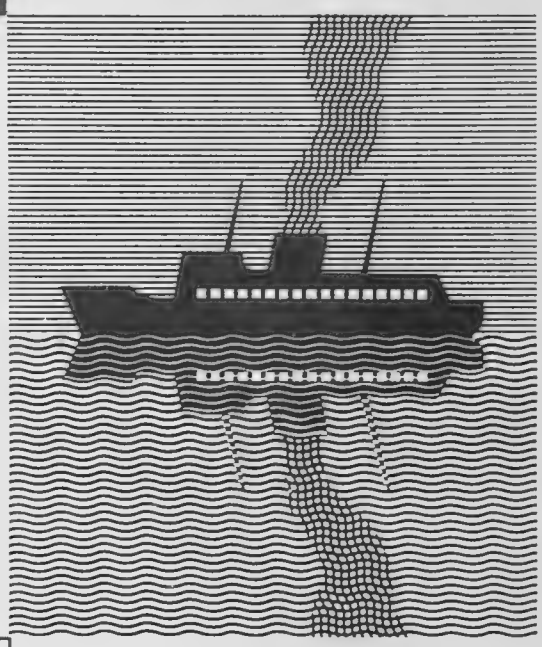

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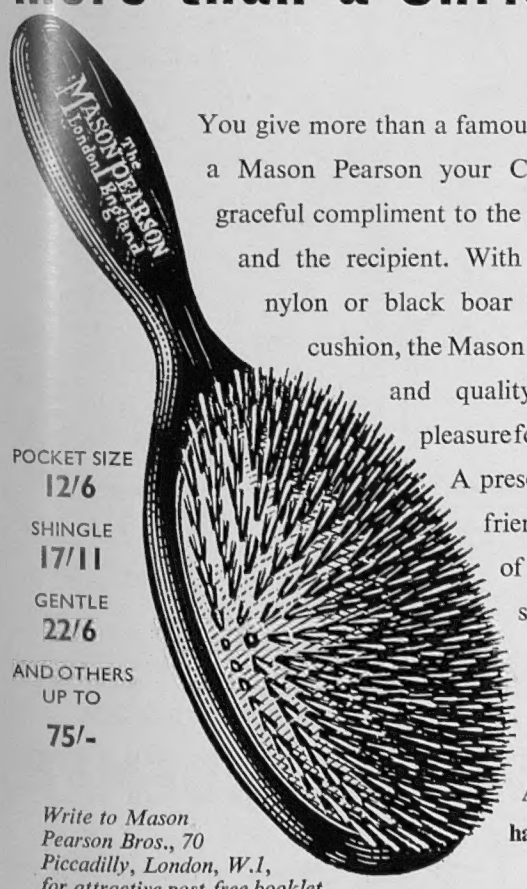

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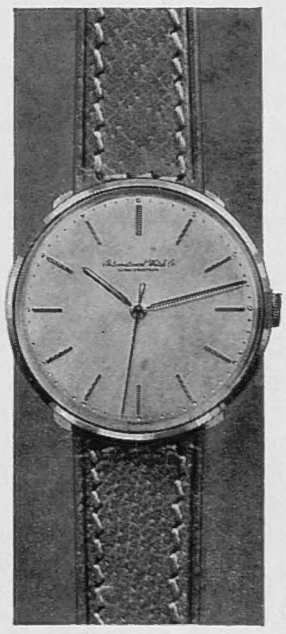

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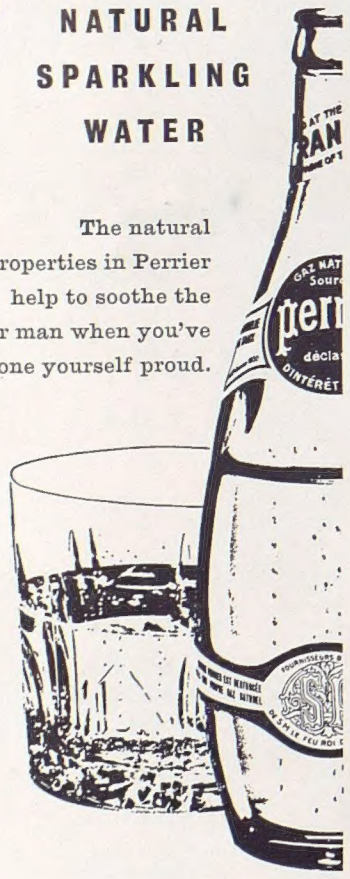

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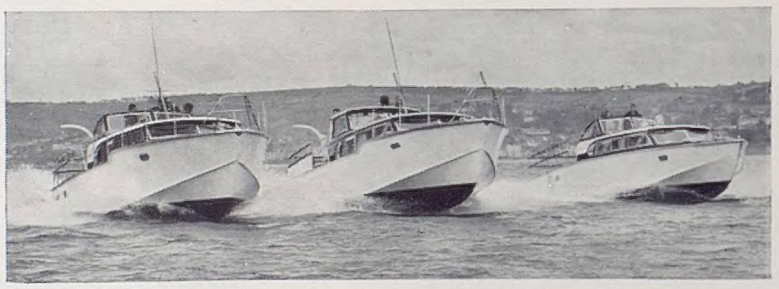

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